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NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Brent Bozell** reports on a public meeting sponsored by St. Michael's College in Vermont at which the question was seriously raised: are religion and Communism parallel or antithetical? It may very well be the first time any Catholic organization has sponsored a formal inquiry of this kind, remarks Mr. Bozell. The star performer of the affair appears to have been the Communist speaker, who however guileful in his attempts to seduce the little Christians who stood at his feet as regards political matters, had too much intellectual pride to admit any parallel between religion and Communism. . . . **Henry Hazlitt** is dumbfounded by some of the easy and affluent projections recently made by the *New York Times'* free-spending, free-thinking economist, Edwin S. Dale. Mr. Hazlitt, of Threadneedle Street, goes so far as to doubt we shall be swimming in fifty billion bucks of uncommitted tax revenues a few years hence. . . . **Timothy J. Wheeler,** formerly of the staff of *NR,* writes about the protest movement, sorting out the various groups involved, and telling us something about how to mount a national protest. Mr. Wheeler is now engaged in putting together a magazine of his own, *Rally*, that will be conservative, mid-west and mid-twenties oriented.

➔ **James Burnham** believes the astounding Penkovsky papers are manifestly authentic. No forger could have imagined *The Penkovsky Papers,* or have written as Penkovsky wrote. Penkovsky was shot in 1963 by the Russians for spying for the U.S. Which indeed he did. . . . **Russell Kirk** summons conservatives to think about the problem of urban renewal, and takes comfort that two young men, David Franke, editor of the *New Guard,* and Fritz Kaeser, a graduate student, are greatly concerned with the excesses of schematic urban planning, and, hopefully, typical.

➔ **"Pyrrho"** analyzes two important books on Vietnam written by dominating characters who reach different conclusions. The first is by Marguerite Higgins, who went to Vietnam and wrote a series of readable and informative dispatches in 1963 which solidly challenged the anti-Diem mythology. The other, by Professor Hans Morgenthau, whose powers of reasoning appear to extend only from the Atlantic to the Urals. . . . **Guy Davenport** takes us on his annual guided tour through the big books that are ideal as Christmas gifts to supplement gift subscriptions to *NR.* . . . And **C. H. Simonds** finds that there are any number of books for children which are not written by or about the Beatles. . . . **Francis Russell** reminisces, and, as always, gives pleasure.

➔ And, finally, a bulletin from the publisher. The 10th Anniversary Issue is going like blazes, even at a dollar per copy. The newsstands have been instructed to extend for two weeks the period during which they display it. So if you wish another copy, for yourself or someone else, please move fast. ➔

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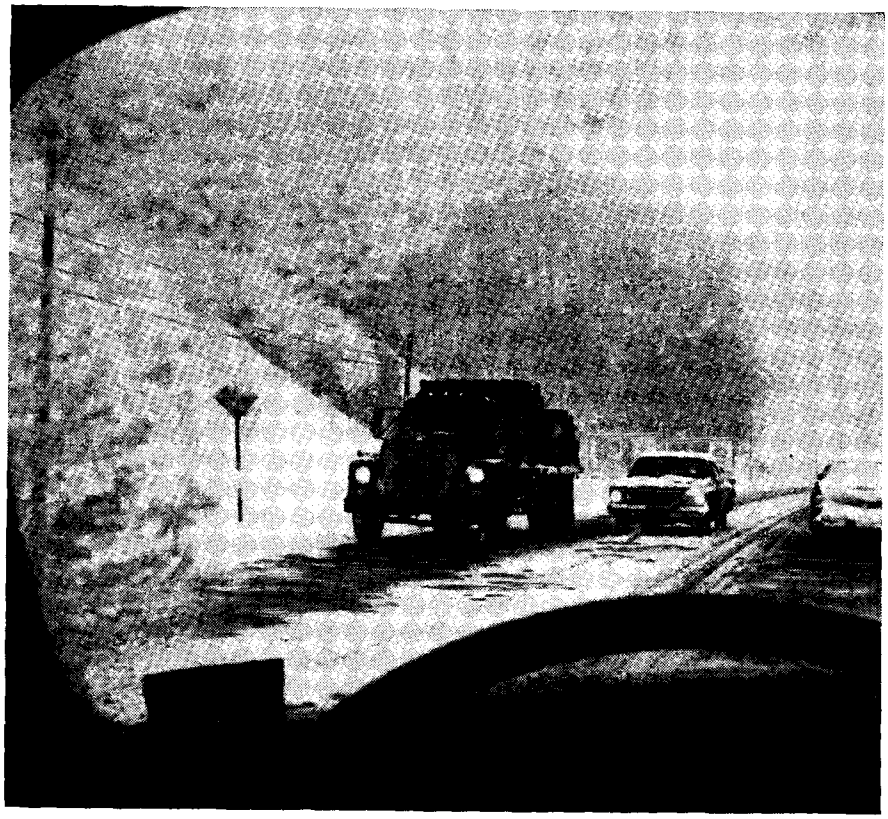

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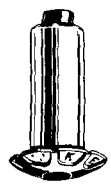

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TO THE EDITOR

Harlem, N. Y.

In "Harlem Is in New York City" [Nov. 2] I was astounded by Mr. Buckley's conclusions regarding the racial issue in New York City; both by his illogical treatment of his own premises, and the conspicuous absence of a real solution to the "Negro problem."

First let me state clearly that I am in full agreement with Mr. Buckley's description of the problem as a "Negro problem." Further, I will most assuredly agree "that the Negro is in the most important respect the equal of any one of us." Obviously those respects in which he is not our equal are results of those "disadvantages" accrued from the Negro's "oppressive legacy," and not of inherent failings in his physiological makeup. Since Mr. Buckley agrees that the Negro is our equal on all other grounds, there is in reality, although not inherently, a situational inequality between the Negro and white.

In view of this, why is Mr. Buckley adverse to treating the Negro as a special case? Indeed, he has just defined the Negro as a special case!

Shoreham, N.Y. NELSON WALTER BROWN JR.

WFB Replies

I have repeatedly stressed that special consideration is owing to the Negro, primarily by individuals and by private associations prompted by conscience. The

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question now is how to reduce the inequality. The way (see e.g. Glazer & Moynihan, *Beyond the Melting Pot*) is through Negro leadership, which is woefully lacking.

NR and the JBS

I believe that NATIONAL REVIEW's recent feature on the John Birch Society [Oct. 19] was ill-advised. In the Spring of 1962 I fully concurred with *NR*'s decision to point out the fallacies and dangers of some of Robert Welch's analyses, while refusing to participate in an attack on the Society as a whole. I do not understand intervening developments to have made the reasoning behind that distinction obsolete.

While Mr. Welch's eccentricities have since been embraced by others, convincing evidence is lacking that the general membership of the Society is significantly motivated by them. The presumption remains that the bulk of the Birchers are fired by an enviably uncomplicated concern for restoring the traditional values of the Republic, and that they are prepared to march under any man of putative good will who seems to offer a relevant action program. To reply that many of Mr. Welch's programs have not turned out to be relevant—have, in fact, done serious damage—is really to complain of the poverty of conservative leadership in the field of political action. But obviously this is an indictment less of Mr. Welch's followers than of those of us who brightly identified the problem back in 1962, and forty months later have so conspicuously failed to see to its solution.

NR cannot be expected to spin political action programs out of its hat; but without detracting from its primary role of hounding intellectual heresy, it can help. This latter role requires, at the very least, keeping the lines of communication open with all persons who are disposed and potentially competent to make a useful contribution to the conservative cause. The JBS feature impaired communications, and I would welcome efforts to repair them.

Washington, D. C. L. BRENT BOZELL

1) Mr. Bozell finds the evidence lacking, or in any case insignificant, that there is general agreement with Mr. Welch by his own members. We do not. For the record, the overwhelming majority of the letters we have received have taken Mr. Welch's side; and not a single member of the National Board of Advisers of the John Birch Society has raised a voice of public criticism against the excesses of Mr. Welch. 2) It can hardly be said that conservatives have been idle during the forty months in question. We did, didn't we, nominate a conservative for President of the United States? 3) There is no desire to impair communications with members of the John Birch Society, merely to persuade them that their own cause is hardly served by the leadership of their Society. We doubt that Mr. Bozell's more patronizing approach will prove more successful. —ED.

The Genovese Affair

As a Young Republican, I would just like to set the record straight on the Genovese situation in New Jersey ["Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat," by Edward J. Bell, Nov. 2].

1) The YRs first became involved in the Genovese affair at their annual convention in May, shortly after he made his remark at the teach-in in April. A tape was played of his remarks and a resolution was passed calling for his ouster.

2) Governor Hughes did not merely accuse his opponent, Wayne Dumont, of "McCarthyism," he accused him of Nazism—an incredibly ludicrous charge to level at such a distinguished World War II veteran. The *Newark Evening News* quoted Hughes on September 16 as saying: "Next, Dumont would like us to send out state police like storm troopers to ask college professors if they are Marxists. They started in Nazi Germany by punishing professors. Then came book burning and concentration camps." On at least two subsequent occasions, Hughes has made similar remarks about storm troopers, book burning, and concentration camps. Just one more item to add to your list of Voices of Moderation.

Summit, N.J. JOHN P. HYDE

Edward J. Bell makes the Genovese case the only issue of the New Jersey campaign. Stripped of Genovese, there is less difference between Messrs. Hughes and Dumont than there was between Beame and Lindsay. Even if we give Genovese prominence among the issues in-

(Continued on p. 1168)

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The WEEK

● She is a VIP. She commands respect for the nation and people she represents. When in a foreign country she never forgets who or where she is. She says, "How lovely," and "I'm not at all tired, thank you," and "How kind of you to let me come," and expects to be bored most of the time. She travels as befits her station. She is dignified. She does not play games with the press. She does not go in disguise to Acapulco like a movie star *with* a movie star. She does not wear yellow wigs in public. *Women's Wear Daily* would jump her if she did. Maybe *Women's Wear Daily* knows she is a pro. How unlike the home life of our own dear royalbirds.

● Four years ago the insurance companies of Connecticut, under the pressure no doubt of increasing talk about a federal medical program, pooled their resources to offer a medical risk policy to people over 65 years old. State after state followed suit; so that medical insurance for the elderly was one of the fastest growing sectors of private insurance when, this year, the federal medical program became law. Now New York State's 47 private insurance companies that joined the medical pool have announced they will terminate the program as of the date the federal benefits become available (June 30 next). Present policyholders will be served until then; and the surplus at June 30, if any, distributed among them. Medical insurance pools in other states are considering the same action. Apparently there's no fighting city hall when it duplicates the services of the private market while charging only a fraction of the direct cost (and taking the rest out in taxes). If any of the elderly would prefer to have some choice in the matter, it's just too damned bad about them.

● There had been such hopes for the White House civil rights conference. Everybody was there. The Administration opened with the Moynihan Report, on which the President's Howard University speech was based, as is indeed a considerable portion of the government's entire civil rights prospectus. The Moynihan Report treats of ghetto family patterns—matriarchies, for example—peculiar to Negroes, that help to keep down their economic level—things a government that has been spending and legislating like blazes to raise that level might well be concerned with. But: the Moynihan Report is racist, announced the civil rights people. Somebody said it, and then everybody said it: racist. Somewhat flustered, the Administration asked for suggestions. Give us $100 billion more, said A. Philip Randolph, and quick. Any further suggestions? School integration? Local ameliorative programs? Self-help? Solutions, anyone? There were no further suggestions, and so in a stunned silence the meeting was adjourned. Nobody is saying much about civil rights at the White House these days.

● When Mrs. Rachel Bruner, widow of the wealthy real-estate man, bought and distributed ten thousand copies of Fred Cook's critical book, *The FBI Nobody Knows,* the FBI put a day-and-night tail on Mrs. Bruner and initiated a campaign of intermittent harassment against her family and associates. In connection with the case, the FBI was later nabbed suppressing evidence in a murder case (one count), breaking and entering illegally (two counts), and placing illicit wiretaps (too many counts to count). The whole thing culminated in the public humiliation of J. Edgar Hoover on a cold New York street. Why has all this been so slow coming to light? Well, because it just plain didn't happen; being a fabrication by Mr. Rex Stout, creator of the corpulent Nero Wolfe and perhaps the greatest living weaver of detective fiction in America, on the occasion of his having been inspired by the above-mentioned *The FBI Nobody Knows;* which, in turn, is a virulently anti-FBI, anti-Edgar Hoover tract by the Leftist potboiler (and Hiss apologist) Fred J. Cook. It is sad that Mr. Stout, who for almost 25 years has been deideologizing from the excesses of *The Illustrious Dunderheads,* should have been drawn into so heavy a practice as FBI-baiting. But his method, concededly, is one eminently more effective than Mr. Cook's. The only way to humiliate a man of Mr. Hoover's bearing and probity is to fabricate the circumstances that do the humiliating.

● President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana recently published a book in which he set forth, apparently with more warmth than nicety, his complaints against the U.S. For his pains he has received official notification of the displeasure of the U.S., and his long-standing request for rice and other spoils to the tune of $127 million has been rejected. He, in turn, has announced that he meant no harm when he called the U.S. a neo-colonialist imperialism. That retraction should be worth at least $100 million. Everyone knows it's only starving savages who write books.

● Karandash, bumaga, i Whoops! Asksenov, Voznesensky, Tendryakone, and Semin are Soviet writers. So are Arbuzoz and Yevtushenko. They are all in the same boat: *Pravda* and *Izvestia* have been slamming them for always criticizing the minuscule slippages in Soviet planning and never celebrating the stupendous achievements of Soviet wizardry.

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And then: Alexei M. Rumyantsev, editor of *Pravda,* attacked *Izvestia* for its attacks on the young Turks, omitting all mention of *Pravda's* bag during the witchhunt, of course, even while continuing to insist that said Turks should forget the minor trifles and concentrate on selling the party line. Radio Moscow recited Rumyantsev's revisionist redaction *in toto.* Is Tass in? Is *Izvestia* out? Is *Pravda* part of the international conspiracy? What is Rumyantsev's real name? Stay tuned in.

● The prescient *New York Times* got caught (and don't we all?) with its prescience out of whack on Nov. 28 when it featured, in the *Sunday Magazine* (which is printed earlier in the week), an article entitled:

It's Hard to Say What Kasavubu Has Done in 5 Years of the Congo's Independence
BUT HE HAS SURVIVED

And, on the front page of its "News of the Week in Review" section, the information that "President Kasavubu, the most durable politician in the country" had fallen from power the preceding Wednesday "as easily as a mango from a tree and just as suddenly." Result: unholy joy in New York newspaper circles at the *Times'* Kasavubu-bubu.

● "Scholar Hints Drug Faked Jesus' Death. Berkeley, Calif.—UPI. Jesus may not have died on the cross at all, but rather may have been fed a drug that put Him into a trance and fooled His Roman guards, says a leading research anthropologist. Michael J. Harner, Director of the UCal's, Lowie Museum of Anthropology, says it is 'certainly possible' that Christ was fed a drug that would make Him appear to be dead for as long as three days. Harner made this disclosure because of a book just published in England by Hugh J. Schonfield, a London scholar who suggested that the vinegar passed to Jesus on a sponge while He was on the Cross might really have been such a drug."—*Milwaukee Journal.* Maybe He's alive and living in Argentina?

● Counsel for the defense in the trial of William Epton, Harlem loudmouth charged with inciting riots by calling on crowds to kill policemen and overthrow the state "completely and totally," is Mrs. Eleanor Jackson Piel. Mrs. Piel is a law partner of Frank Donner, who has been identified under oath numerous times before the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Communist, and who published a book called *The Un-Americans,* on p. 313 of which he says: "I'm grateful to my law partners, Marshall Perlin and Eleanor Jackson Piel, who were generous, patient and cooperative." Mrs. Piel has denounced the Internal Security Act of 1950, fought for Morton Sobell, and served as secretary of the Bill of Rights Fund, a kind of flush sectarian ACLU which among other things channeled money to organizations like the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. She is also the wife of Gerard Piel, editor of *Scientific American,* and an admirer of the Women Strike for Peace. At the beginning of the trial, Cheddi Jagan sent Mr. Epton his best wishes, which in case he is thinking of posing as just another loudmouth, he may very well be needing.

Getting Serious

The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, from which not too much has been heard for quite a while, thank God, organized a Thanksgiving demonstration at the White House. It was, on the whole, a genteel operation. From the standpoint of public relations alone, the display was striking in several particulars:

(1) Age. Most of the demonstrators were between 20 and 30, or between 40 and 50. Many had brought their families.

(2) Manners. Good. There was no rowdiness, no sitting- or lying-in. Police, who estimated the crowd at 15,000-25,000, made no arrests. There was no singing or chanting except by student militant groups (see 5).

(3) Demands. Moderate, by the standards of the fellow travelers. Most people carried signs calling for a ceasefire, an end to the bombing, negotiations with the Vietcong, respect for the Geneva accords.

(4) Race. The marchers were mostly white. Those Negroes who appeared were members of the radical minority. There was no attempt to fuse peace demands and civil rights demands, as Martin Luther King and others have recently tried to do. ➤

"Like, don't bug me about marriage. You know how I feel about loyalty oaths."

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(5) *Les amis à gauche.* Decidedly present, and accounting for much of the literature that was passed out, for all of the noise, and for the Vietcong flags, the NLF propaganda, the "Hands Off" and "Get Out" signs. The spirit between these groups and the rest of the marchers was one of cooperation. If you wanted a "Get Out Now" sign you could get it from Youth Against War and Fascism.

(6) *Les ennemis à droite.* A few captive-nations types, something calling itself the American Party, George Lincoln Rockwell being photographed, and—yes, we think we spot some Young Republicans over there on the far corner. Note: Nazis counterdemonstrating were bounced. Compare (5).

What all this means is, very probably, that we have marched beyond the draft card burners and other combustible souls who only a month ago enveloped the entire movement in an alienating pathology. As adumbrated in all the SANE literature, in the ads and signs in Washington, and most particularly and notably in a letter published in the *New York Review of Books* by Irving Howe, Bayard Rustin, Michael Harrington, Lewis Coser, and Students for a Democratic Society chairman Penn Kimble, rational appeals must form the basis of any serious strategy. Of course, a rational appeal needs premises to grow out of. What premises are shared by Howe, Harrington et al? Still, it is significant that they should agree that outrage is not to be permitted, either in behavior or in excessive demands. Pacifism, nuclear pacifism, pacifism for Negroes, and other such related issues are to be sidetracked. This very self-conscious window-dressing may succeed in appealing to many more people who would like to take the position that we should bug out in Vietnam, but who are not pacifists or psychotics. All that the rest of us will get out of it is a little relief from continual insults to the eye and ear and mind. But politically, the new look in demonstrations is more, much more dangerous.

Trying to Put the Fires Out

From a reader. "I thought you would like to have a few quotes from a letter from my grandson, who is in the combat zone near Qui Nhon. 'I work seven days a week. Yesterday I stood guard for twelve hours in continuous pouring, *pouring* rain, covered only by a poncho, trying to keep my rifle dry. Had a most miserable bout with diarrhea—and only an out-house. A toad just jumped into my sleeping bag. Did you know that this here is the domain of King Cobra? I am thinking of getting me a mongoose, as so many do for protection. Haven't had a cold drink yet. My dreams consist of snow-capped mountains, huge icicles and frosted glasses of beer. Drove three miles by truck to take a shower, am back and just as sweaty as before. Everything sticks; the heat and the humidity are unbearable, inhuman!!! In the rain it is only a *cool* 90 or so. I asked one of our cooks: "How come there is so much rain here, when in other parts of the world there is not enough water?" He said: "My boy, this here is not part of the earth; this here is Hell and He is trying to put the fires out!" In spite of all, I am in real good spirits, mainly because you and all the family have been so wonderful with your many, many letters. Mostly I miss fresh milk. Once in a while we get fresh eggs, instead of powdered ones. We had steak for dinner; at least I *think* it was steak. We bivouac now, but when our mess hall will be completed, we will have picnic-like tables and will be able to sit down for our meals. I have talked with the Vietnamese and their children, with the Korean ROK soldiers—in a few months I have experienced more than I have in the last twenty years. Isn't this a good enough reason to keep the Communists away from our shores? There is only one way to deal with an ideology which tells us they will bury us, and that is to bury them first. I thought this was quite apparent, that if the Commies are not stopped here, all of Southeast Asia would fall like a House of Cards.' It would give me great satisfaction to see these quotes in print. My grandson is 23, was drafted out of college, after having been deferred once. Sometimes I think my heart will just give way and break. I would gladly give ten years of my life, if my boy could be in Greenland, or somewhere, not in that Godforsaken land. When it comes to my own, I am anything but a heroic patriot, just a grieving grandmother, filled with anxiety for my boy."

Roberto South of the Border

Senator Robert Kennedy's trip through Latin America may have been a triumph for him personally, but it was hardly a triumph for right reason.

"The Senator," one dispatch reports, "has not uttered a word, in public or in private, of criticism of United States policies." 1) How can the reporter know what words the Senator has uttered in private, unless the reporter—most unlikely—was present at every single private conversation the Senator has conducted; in which case they would hardly have been "private" conversations, would they? 2) The same dispatch goes on to say: "Mr. Kennedy carefully explains, in answer to a question about the Dominican Republic, that although he was against United States intervention there, 'one must see it in its proper perspective.'" Indeed one must. But how can one simultaneously a) not utter a word of criticism of United States policy, and b) utterly disapprove of the intervention in Santo Domingo?

But the worst is yet to come. 3) "The United

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Focus on WASHINGTON

Unless President Johnson acts rapidly and decisively, the red flag will fly over Santo Domingo before the crocuses of a Washington spring bloom. Though all reports reaching the White House are uniformly ominous, the President has so far refused to reverse the policies laid down after the success of the American intervention. At that time, State Department insistence forced the exile of anti-Communist General Wessin y Wessin, the downgrading of military influence, the return of a malevolently anti-American Juan Bosch, and the creation of an infiltration-prone provisional government under President Héctor García-Godoy. The evil of this policy can be seen in the make-up of the García-Godoy regime. Communists listed by the White House as leaders of the Castroite Communist revolt have been welcomed with open arms and work night and day to prepare the ground for a "legal" seizure of power. American correspondents are being fed the party line by Palace Press Chief Franklin Domínguez, who was the official propagandist for the rebel forces. The labor movement, once relatively free of Communist influence, is rapidly falling into the hands of trained Castro agents. If Santo Domingo falls, as informed observers believe it may, the Johnson Administration will be handing the Republicans a 1966 election issue on a platter—but at a cost to the nation too high to contemplate.

◆ President Johnson's prolonged absence from Washington has encouraged reports that his recovery from major surgery is far slower than the doctors predicted. This may be no more than the kind of rumor to which this city is prone, but it does disturb the even rhythm of its political peristalsis. In the period between the adjournment of Congress and its first meeting in January, much must be done by the White House, the Bureau of the Budget, and the various departments and agencies of the Executive Branch. There is much talk that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has assumed the shadowy office of First Secretary of the government, but this is more speculation than fact. Mr. McNamara is, without doubt, the most powerful man in the Administration after Mr. Johnson. But it is one of the strengths and weaknesses of the American system that the President can only go so far in delegating the functions of his office to subordinates. The basis of Mr. McNamara's power is no more than his ability to command the President's ear and the President's respect. He can make no decisions, either strategic or tactical, without Mr. Johnson's express permission.

◆ Official estimates of federal expenditures for the current fiscal year are now set at about $107 billion. Fiscal experts, however, believe that the final tab will be considerably higher, particularly if defense spending continues to be jogged up by the Vietnamese war. They suggest that the Administration will spend well over $10 billion more than the Johnson "economy budget" called for. Meanwhile, government spenders have not shown the slightest disposition to cut back on non-essential spending. A case in point: The campaign by the Public Printer to grab 85 acres of government land in Washington for a new and multi-million-dollar Government Printing Office. If the Public Printer has his way, the present facilities on Capitol Hill will be scrapped. It has been pointed out by opponents that the present plant is by far the best-equipped and largest in the world. They also argue that if additional space is needed, an annex can be built at a fraction of the cost of relocating. This will give the Public Printer 35 per cent more space. The GPO, aided and abetted by Administration legislators, insists that a shiny new plant located a considerable distance from the GPO's main customers is an absolute need. The controversy will now be tossed into the lap of Congress which, to date, has shown little interest in the ballooning federal budget or its own best interests. —CATO

States," the Senator is further reported to have said, "wants no territory, no military bases (in the Dominican Republic). 'We will get out as soon as there is an election, even if a Communist wins.'" Now we believe it is as unlikely as the Senator apparently believes it is that a community would vote in a Communist government; but it is by no means impossible. Exactly that happened in the opera bouffe state of San Marino; in the Indian state of Kerala; in British Guiana; and it very nearly happened in Guatemala and it is to the everlasting credit of the Eisenhower Administration that when the heat was on, far from getting out of Guatemala, we made it possible for the good guys to chase the bad guys out of town. It is not the function of the United States to guard over the political hygiene of any government, anywhere in the world; but it is most definitely our function to interfere with the establishment of Communist governments, because Communist governments conspire against other countries' freedoms. It is a matter of purely academic concern whether a Communist government is brought in by an individual, by a clique, or by a majority of the voters.

On another occasion Mr. Kennedy came upon a slum in Lima where a dispute between the government and an oil company had resulted in a shutdown in electrical power, with the result that water was being shipped in on trucks twice a week. "'You mean to say we can't get a water tank for these people because of an oil dispute?' the Senator asked the slightly embarrassed official"—reported the dispatcher, with evident relish. A good point; but if we were a Peruvian we'd have been tempted to reply: Is it true, Senator, that people in New York City can't get newspapers from time to time—merely because there is a dispute between the managers and

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the unions? Is it true that in New York the entire public transportation system can break down because a single union leader can tie up the subways and the bus lines? Is it true that the entire shipping industry in America, the entire railroad industry, the entire steel industry can and have broken down, and that the government is powerless to protect the public? What have you recommended at home to reduce the power of the monopoly labor unions, eh Roberto?

And then the Senator came upon cane cutters who work six days a week, for less than one dollar a day. " 'Don't you know you are making way for your own destruction?' he snapped at the company's management representative." The company's management representative is not reported to have snapped back that the cane cutters are earning wages substantially in excess of those earned by Mr. Kennedy's grandparents even at a time when the American economy was advanced over the present stage of the Brazilian economy. There is no excuse for wages that are artificially low as the result of monopolistic exploitation: but there is no way in the world to increase wages beyond the capacity of an economy to produce. Latin America is dirt-poor, and will only rise from wretchedness through hard work—and through political stability (no mention from Robert Kennedy of the overarching Latin American vice, which is the political and economic instability that reduce and re-reduce the people to penury and hopelessness).

"Some of the Communist students who spat upon the Senator and bombarded him with eggs at the university in Concepción tried to shake his hand when he finished speaking," the dispatch concluded triumphantly. Now, either those Communist students were not Communist students in any serious sense of the word (if they were, they would disdain Robert Kennedy as a typical bourgeois-imperialist profiteer applying the jaded unction of the exploiting classes); or else Robert Kennedy said things he oughtn't to have said, said other than those painful truths that Communists need to be told, namely, that their philosophy and their activities are greater enemies of hope for Latin America and for the entire world than all the plagues, starvation, and cupidity that curse our and the other hemispheres.

We find it difficult to believe that Mr. Kennedy is the cynical thinking machine he is sometimes described as being. It is easier, on the evidence, to believe that he thinks viscerally, at least when he speaks spontaneously, as he did a few weeks ago when he made the extraordinary suggestion that it was in the American tradition to send American blood anywhere it is needed, including to the Vietcong. That is visceral reasoning, of the kind Mrs. Roosevelt was famous for making; highly commendable as instinct. As thought, however, it flunks.

McNamara's "Vision"

I see the Secretary's just
Returned (again). He says we must
"Defeat them in the field, or bust!"

That's nice. I hate to be a bore,
But back in '64 he swore
We'd haul our oar *and* win the war.

Well, hell, he *learns*. As I recall,
It took a *miracle* to haul
The saintly Paul from errant Saul.

W. H. von Dreele

Watts and the Welfare Riot

Four months after the insurrection in the Watts region of Los Angeles, the riot of the streets has been transformed into the riot of welfarism. At the beginning everyone agreed that the cure for riot was cash. Since the riot the federal bins have unloaded $18 million for Watts in particular. At this point the Mexican community began to complain that it needed help much more than the Negroes, and wise advisers began to worry that they might be setting a precedent of rewarding insurrectionists. The County Commission on Human Rights had said it was imperative to find jobs for 5,000 rioters before Thanksgiving. Slightly more than 1,200 jobs have been found, according to available records.

Grants and applications for grants have streamed in so fast to Poverty HQ that no one has a complete view of the situation. Some grants now being made were applied for a year ago. Not $18 million, but $100 million is what some prominent Angelenos now beg for Watts. The County Board of Supervisors has decided how it would like to spend $94 million this year and next, if the cash can be acquired.

Pre-school programs, classes for the aged, employment counseling, employment referral, education enrichment (kindergarten level), aid to migrants, expansion of the State Unemployment Office in Watts, day care for delinquents (non-jail), physical exams for Neighborhood Youth Corps youths, various programs of the Travelers Aid Society, Urban League, Catholic Welfare Bureau—these are a mere selection of the programs and activities now available or soon to be available to qualified residents of the riot area.

Obviously there will never again be any trouble in Watts, unless an evening on the town is the thing to give to the guy who's got everything.

Operation Yorkville

Operation Yorkville (44 East 84th St., New York, N.Y.) is an interdenominational project organized to combat the traffic in smut. It is launching a cam-

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"Hot Dog!" SAID FRANK, FURTIVELY...

"Now I know exactly how to catch up on my Christmas shopping

I'll use the handy card facing this page *right this minute to send National Review* to everyone left on my list! Then I can stop wasting my time in crowded department stores, muttering 'Bah Hamburg' at slow sales girls."*

THIS YEAR we hope we have hit on an idea that will make much of your Christmas shopping fast, easy—and impressive!

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Us? Well, you can be sure that there is no other Christmas present we will receive that will mean more to us than *your* support. You will be helping us spread the good word (could there be a better time of year to do it?) So, many thanks.

*These words of wisdom were spoken by Frank L. Bauman, of 45 Gracey Street, Meriden, Connecticut. **Please** take them to heart immediately. As we told Frank: "Frankly, the best Christmas gift you can give **us** is to use the card facing this page today. So many franks—aah, thanks—Frank, and Merry Christmas to you, too." All of you.

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paign early in January, towards the success of which it is soliciting editorial commentary from magazine editors. It hopes to stimulate legislation to punish filth-peddlers who prey on youth, and we are informed by the Secretary of the Organization, Father Morton A. Hill S.J., that the filth business is a two-billion-dollar-a-year business, so that we can be sure the little pornographers like Ralph Ginzburg will pay the most expensive muses in the world to front for them.

Not that there aren't difficulties, which are plain for all to see. Our own notion is that to attempt to draw the line for adults is a practical impossibility, and that therefore it is better to go the way of permissiveness, than the way of Comstock. As regards minors, it does not greatly matter if a particular judge should err on the side of prurience: the underprivileged youth can catch up on his pornography in due course, when his emotions will have settled down a little. The problem regarding minors is primarily one of enforcement. How can one reasonably put the burden of responsibility on a publisher to know that the order he is fulfilling is actually that of a minor? What "proof" can reasonably be demanded?

Here is a problem, even as there is the problem of whether a book vendor can be expected to know the objectionability quotient of every volume he carries, sufficient to question the right of a youth to purchase a particular volume. These are problems, yes. But the other is also a problem—the rivers of filth which poison certain imaginations. The effort should be made to dam that filth, and we ought not to be resigned to the insolubility of the problem.

The International Crowd Gets Together Again to Improve Matters Here and There in the Universe, at Our Expense Apparently

Mel Bloom and his friend (all right: Mel Bloom was press rep for the Pacem in Terris Convocation of the Center for the Destruction of Democratic Institutions last spring, and is press rep for the recent White House Conference on International Cooperation, issuing "non-official" position papers, beforehand, under the auspices of the National Citizens Commission on International Cooperation, which if you ask the people at the WHCIC about you draw a blank, with instructions to call State Department, DU-3-5226, which doesn't answer), Miss Idelson, almost caught us. The first position paper urged a reduction of red tape in international trade and mentioned that a single import shipment required 80 separate forms to be filled out, 78 of them government forms. We were lured to read on.

Then came: proposals to increase foreign aid, establish new committees, get the U.S. to eradicate disease throughout the world, forecast the weather, repeal the Connally Reservation, get all nations to

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stockpile weapons and matériel for UN war operations, set up a world center to "study" urban blight, set up a world center for female rights, control weapons, cooperate in science, strengthen trade unions in underdeveloped countries (a real doozy), get freer trade (even while the Boss is building walls around the U.S.), put the civil rights fight on an international footing, get companies to train twice as many men as they need overseas, set up a "vast Inter-American Skyway" (i.e. air transport service), stop the mushrooming of cities, limit population growth (while reducing disease, or *before* reducing disease?), put students on empty aircraft seats, listen to Hubert Humphrey . . .

Big man on campus was Leslie Paffrath of the Johnson (Wax) Foundation, the tab-picker-up for the Pacem in Terris blast. It's good for old friends to get together once or twice a year. And since all the position papers are written up and distributed before the conference convenes, there's no need to sit through all the fog. Washington's a great city to visit. Better than New York, right?

Henry Wallace, RIP

The obituaries tended to minimize Henry Wallace's involvement with the Communists in the late 1940s for two reasons, one of them less understandable than the other. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, Dean Acheson replied when asked to comment on the death of Senator Joe McCarthy; and by that standard, we are asked to recall Henry Wallace only as the rustic idealist in the court of FDR, the author of the concept of the twentieth century as belonging to the common man, the practical visionary who saw 60 million jobs just beyond the horizon for the American people; and for the Hottentots, a quart of milk every day.

That is one reason why his political activities in the late forties were incompletely dealt with—the other being that it remains obstinately unsinful, in the public ledger, to embrace the Communists or their causes. Sometimes the public temperature boils and there is reaction, as during the McCarthy period. But most of the time we let it go, even as we are disposed totally to forgive the intellectuals who in the late thirties blasted all critics of Joseph Stalin as fascist-minded, and defended the integrity of the Moscow spy trials. Today, professors can with relative impunity advocate the victory of the Communist enemy over our own forces in South Vietnam; civil rights organizations can openly welcome Communists into their ranks; and anti-war demonstrators who never lift their cherubic voices to utter a word of protest against warmaking by the Communists, are fawned upon as sincere idealists.

The most striking achievement of Henry Wallace is not to be found in his large portfolio of social idealisms, some of them interesting, others impractical; but rather his submission to the Communists in 1946, 1947, and 1948. Those who do not recall it have good reasons to desire to forget it. The movement did indeed collapse in ignominy on election day in 1948, when Wallace got only 1,300,000 votes nationwide, out of the 48 million cast. But that vote was not the riff raff vote which in almost any election can be lured into radical dissent by the call of revolution. It was the vote of a considerable segment of the academic and artistic community. The Progressives had a hard time getting the people excited about Henry Wallace for President, but they had far less difficulty with the intellectuals, who went for Wallace out of all proportion to his subsequent strength in the national elections.

In later years Wallace withdrew from the Progressive Party, candidly acknowledging that it had "gone too far" in putting the blame for the Korean War on our shoulders, rather than on Communist China's. He committed the final heresy when he voted for Eisenhower in 1956, and Nixon in 1960. His sponsors were down in those days, but never out; and they are returning today in great force, and the South Vietnamese war is their Henry Wallace, the instrument by which they will once again seek to project at a broad public level the moral idiocies and perverted reasoning that Henry Wallace embodied in 1948.

The similarities are considerable. Wallace was the innocent idealist, who hated hunger and war, and his credentials were therefore appealing to the idealistic community, whose emotions the Communists knew so well how to manipulate. South Vietnam is a theater which those who view reality in the way that Grandma Moses used to view a snowscape, regard with horror, because people are actually firing guns at each other. The leverage of Vietnam the Communists will use even as they used the leverage of Henry Wallace; and they will, one hopes, fail as dismally as they did then, even if the cost is to reintroduce temporarily into America the Kafkaesque atmosphere of 1948 when one saw so many of the professors, men allegedly of a higher order of civilization than the great academic unwashed, going about criticizing not Communists, but Americans; defending freedom and peace and democracy in such a way as justified the rape of Czechoslovakia; and now the rape of South Vietnam.

Poor Henry Wallace. No wonder he retreated to what Whittaker Chambers called the undenying, undeluding earth, and spent his last fifteen years remote from controversy, trying to develop cold-resisting gladioli, even as Kaiser Wilhelm II, after presiding over the bloodiest war in history, went to Holland to milk cows.

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The Third World War

As Penkovsky Saw It

JAMES BURNHAM

By their automatic attack on *The Penkovsky Papers* (there is no need to imitate the publisher's mysterious refusal to put names in the usual transliteration) as "a crude U.S. forgery," the Communists have made the question of authenticity the axis of critical discussion. In this way they divert readers as well as reviewers from serious reflection on what the author—whether Soviet Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, shot (or allegedly shot) as a spy and traitor in May 1963, or an imaginative CIA consultant—has to say.

Burnham

One may take it for granted, governments being what they are, that the manuscript has been processed in some degree by a U.S. agency. The editor (Frank Gibney) mentions cuts to eliminate "repetition" and there are no doubt cuts for other reasons. It would not be surprising if there were also a few educational additions. But for the most part the text would seem to be the genuine article composed by Penkovsky himself and smuggled out, as other manuscripts (e.g. those of the recently imprisoned "Abram Tertz") have been, through winding channels.

Greville Wynne—the English businessman who knew Penkovsky well and became his principal liaison with Western intelligence—vouches for the genuineness. But the very personal and plainly amateur mode of the "papers" is on its face a sufficient guarantee. A forgery would be more professionally done; the whole would be organized in terms of some discernible rationale, theme or desired effect. One of the oddest features about *The Penkovsky Papers* is the lack of any coherent rationale. "To tell the truth about this system—it is the goal of my life," says the final paragraph (might that be one of the CIA emendations? it has a rather phony ring in context). But if so, this goal was most erratically pursued. Penkovsky was no thinker, and had no clear conception of "the truth about this system." He jotted down a rambling miscellany, much of it wonderfully Russian in a sense non-Russians learned from Russian novels and stories.

A Missing Notebook

The anecdotes are exactly in style: "I remember that early in 1961 we sent a delegation to the Federal Republic of Germany. An engineer from Leningrad went with this delegation. He was co-opted by the GRU [Military Intelligence]—Penkovsky's service—and making notes in his notebook. He put his notebook in his raincoat and forgot the raincoat in a car when he left. A search was conducted. The raincoat was found, but no notebook. He became so upset that when his comrades went to do some shopping he hanged himself in his hotel room. He used the cord of an electric iron which he had attached to the light fixture in the ceiling. They had taken this portable iron with them to save money on pressing. His body was sent to Leningrad by plane. Later, at the place where he had worked, it was announced that he had not been normal and that he had suffered from constant headaches. This is how things are done in our country."

So many spies and counter-spies have cropped up in our time that we tend to think of them *en masse*—ours or theirs, fact or fiction—as all belonging to a common outlaw fraternity. Considering him as a member of that club it may be that the "experts" cited by the blurb are right in assessing "Penkovsky's achievement as the greatest intelligence *coup* of modern times." But it is unfortunate if we are led to think of Penkovsky *only* as a member of a class, strictly comparable to the intelligence officers of Britain, France or the U.S. The most important, perhaps the only really important, point that emerges from the *Papers* is reconfirmation of the fact that "intelligence" in the Soviet Union is something quite different from "intelligence" in a non-Communist state. What Penkovsky's rambling notes reveal is how in the Soviet Union the GRU (Military Intelligence) and KGB (Internal Security) are literally everywhere, in everything. The Soviet state does not *have*, as one differentiated agency, a police (Security, Intelligence) force. It *is* a police state.

The Kindergarten Teacher

Penkovsky was formally assigned to the bureaucratically named "State Committee for the Co-ordination of Scientific Work"—a large agency formerly charged with scientific research, technology, the exchange of scientific, technical and industrial delegations with other countries, the Academy of Sciences, scientific publishing and conferences, etc. In reality, Penkovsky was a colonel on active service in GRU and this committee was a mere cover organization for global espionage, intelligence, even sabotage and assassination operations. Its key personnel are GRU and KGB officers. The GRU and KGB place their men among the delegations of scientists, technicians and professors sent abroad, and "co-opt" the services of the other members. And so with all the agencies of the Soviet state. And it is with these delegations, so conceived and so constituted, that our eager scientists, writers and businessmen meet to promote peace, trade and freedom. . .

In the most horrifying statement in this book, the editor comments that, through "an invaluable piece of political pedagogy . . . Col. Penkovsky had helped educate an American President [Kennedy] and his staff." Everything that Penkovsky revealed about the nature and aims of the Communist system can be known, and has been known for decades by every serious student. Must each of our Presidents and his staff, *after* they take office, start political kindergarten?

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Fifty Billion To Play With? The Fear of Fiscal Drag

The famed economist analyzes the distortions and recklessness of a recent article by one of the *Times'* kept Keynesians. Not pretty, eh, Watson?

HENRY HAZLITT

"For three long years," warned President Roosevelt on March 10, 1933, when he had been in office only a week, "the Federal Government has been on the road to bankruptcy. . . . [By the end of the fiscal year 1934] we shall have piled up an accumulated deficit of $5 billion. . . . Too often in recent history Liberal governments have been wrecked on the rocks of loose fiscal policy."

Since that warning we have drifted far in fiscal philosophy. For the current fiscal year President Johnson deliberately planned to have a deficit of $5 billion, and it will probably come to much more than that. It will be the thirtieth deficit in 36 years. It will bring the accumulated deficit since the end of 1930 not to $5 billion, but to more than $306 billion.

In the next fiscal year, as the result of Great Society programs, it is unofficially estimated that federal spending will increase some $13 billion over that in the current fiscal year. Until we get the budget figures in January, the fiscal outlook, on the basis of the best private estimates, runs something like this:

In the current fiscal year total cash revenues (including Social Security taxes, etc.) may run to some $125 billion (or $1.5 billion above the original official estimate). Total cash spending will be about $130 billion. Next fiscal year revenues from the same taxes may increase to $130 billion, or even $132 billion. But total cash spending is expected to jump to at least $143 billion.

If we wanted to stop the deficits and the inflation and balance the budget, what new or higher taxes could we levy to raise the needed $10 to $14 billion new revenue? And what would be the effect of such a tax hike in undermining incentives, reducing new capital investment, restricting output, and depressing business? If we do not cut our planned expenditures, our only choice is between repressive tax increases and serious inflation.

This problem troubles some of us, but it does not trouble Edwin L. Dale Jr., of the *New York Times* (*Sunday Magazine,* Nov. 7). He seems completely unaware of the very existence of such a problem. On the contrary, what worries him to the point of obsession is whether Lyndon Johnson and his advisers will be able to think up enough ways to spend or otherwise get rid of what he contends is a threatened *surplus* of $50 billion in the next five years.

Errors and Omissions

Here is his anxiety: Because of our constantly rising GNP, tax revenues will keep increasing year by year even if we don't increase tax rates. Tax receipts in the fiscal year 1970 will be $50 billion higher than in 1965 —$170 billion instead of $120 billion, counting in Social Security. Next year we will have "at least $7 billion more than this year. The year after that the increase will be $8 or $9 billion. By 1970 the increase will reach $50 billion, as compared with 1965." Unless the President and Congress can think of means to get rid of this dreadful surplus—either by dreaming up new ways of spending it or even by cutting taxes—"the money may never materialize," and the country will be plunged into unemployment and depression. "In a word, you give away the money to get the money; if you don't give away the money, you don't get the money."

Let us begin with the factual exaggerations, errors, or omissions in Mr. Dale's theory.

Over the last five years tax revenues have risen an average of $2.8 billion a year in the administrative budget, and of $4.7 billion a year in the total cash budget. A further rise of "$7 or $8 billion" next year, therefore, though it cannot be ruled out as impossible (particularly if we have enough price inflation), seems too much to count on.

And Dale combines this extremely generous estimate of a "regular" growth of $50 billion in revenues over the next five years with an amazingly low estimate of the "regular, expected, . . . 'built-in' growth" in expenditures. "This . . . can be calculated with some precision, and it comes to about $15 billion, the great bulk of it Social Security." Now as total federal cash expenditures have actually risen $30 billion, or twice that much, even in the *last* five years, and as such expenditures are scheduled to increase $13 billion in the next fiscal year alone, what excuse can there be for such a low estimate for the whole next five years?

Most incredible of all, in his article of more than 3,500 words, Dale never finds space to remind his readers that we have had thirty deficits in the last 36 fiscal years, or that we already face a prospective cash deficit of $4 to $6 billion in the current fiscal year.

So if, instead of viewing so complacently the revenue outlook for the next five years, and devising new ways of spending an imaginary $50 billion surplus, Dale had confined himself to an earnest study merely of the next fiscal year, he might have seen that the real problem was, not how to think up ways of spending a $7 billion surplus, but how to think up taxes to avoid a $10 to $14 billion deficit.

So much for factual unrealities. Dale's theoretical fallacies are so

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numerous that we must confine ourselves to a few outstanding ones.

What worries him is what he calls "fiscal drag." This is the dreadful consequence of "eliminating money from the total spending stream." But Dale is extremely vague regarding the conditions under which "fiscal drag" occurs, and constantly confuses fiscal with monetary policies.

Even if we take Dale's concept seriously, "fiscal drag," if it occurred, would occur only when and to the extent that there was an actual cash budget surplus. With a balanced budget there would be merely fiscal neutrality. And with a deficit, of any size, there would be an actual fiscal push. If this is so, then we have had nothing but fiscal forward shoves in the last six years, and a much bigger one is in prospect for next year.

But Dale never mentions this. He talks as if not only an actual surplus but even a balanced budget would produce a serious "fiscal drag." In fact his whole article tacitly implies that anything less than the average $4 billion annual cash deficit we have had in the last six years would bring on a dangerous "fiscal drag."

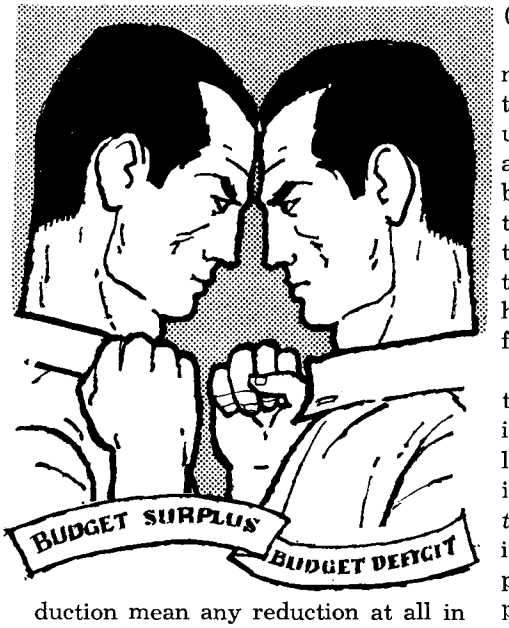
Nor does he ever make it quite clear whether it is a budget surplus in itself or a reduction of the money supply that is the real thing to be feared. And he is very vague concerning what actions or policies actually reduce the money supply.

Apparently the worst thing we could do, in his opinion (in an all but explosive inflation), is to achieve a surplus and use the money to reduce the national debt. He first says, quite correctly, that "paying off the debt *could* have the effect of simply eliminating money from the total spending stream." (My italics.) He then talks as if it *must* have that effect: "If the economy still has some unemployment and idle capacity, *as it has now,* debt reduction would simply make this condition worse." (My italics.)

Let's see. The national debt now stands at $319 billion. About $61 billion of government securities are held by the commercial banks and $40 billion by the Federal Reserve banks. Against these $101 billion of government securities, deposits and bank notes exist. But two-thirds of the national debt, or nearly $218 billion, is held by individuals or non-banking institutions.

If a $1,000 bond held by any of the latter is paid off, the individual owner, say, once more has the $1,000 cash, and can use it either to spend or to invest. Neither the money supply nor the spending-and-investment "stream" has been reduced.

It is true that if the bond held by a member bank or a Federal Reserve bank is paid off, it will presumably mean at least a corresponding wiping out of a deposit credit, and so far a shrinkage of the "money supply." But if the bank wants to hold the same amount of government securities as before, it can simply use the refunded money to buy the same holdings of governments from individuals in the open market. Hence, not until our $319 billion federal debt has been reduced to $100 billion need its reduction mean any reduction at all in the money and credit supply.



The fear of a budget surplus, the fear of a debt reduction, the fear even of a balanced budget (all of which fears are shared by the Council of Economic Advisers) are based on the ultra-Keynesian conviction that the economy needs constant injections of additional money to maintain full employment, prosperity, and "economic growth." What the Keynesians still fail to recognize or admit is that the apparent successes of their remedy in the last few years have occurred because monetary inflation is a crude, cruel, and unjust *blanket* method of *offsetting* discoordination of price-cost relationships (commonly brought about by excessive wage-rate increases in individual industries), and that the proper remedy would be the multitude of individual price-cost adjustments that a genuine free market economy would automatically bring about. (Dale's article never mentions wage-price maladjustments as a cause of unemployment.)

The Keynesian fallacies lead straight on to the gospel of big government and the gospel of extravagance and waste. The big problem for Dale, for example, is how to dream up new ways for the government to spend money. If a budget surplus is threatened, debt reduction is a recourse to be thought of only in an economy "overheated" to the point of catching fire. He regards even tax reduction as only "a *residual* use of *part* of the $50 billion [expected surplus]: if sound and useful means of spending the money cannot be found." (My italics.)

In other words, the government need merely show that any expenditure it makes is of *some* conceivable use. It never occurs to Dale that not a dollar of government spending can be justified unless it can be proved that it is being spent for a purpose that is *more* useful and *more* urgent than the purpose for which it would have been spent by the taxpayers from whom it was seized.

As he warms up to his theme, Dale tells us at one point: "Defense spending, in fact, could be either higher or lower in 1970 than it is today, and if it is lower, *there will be even more than $50 billion to play with.*" (My italics.) Billions for bureaucrats "to play with." This sums it up. The Dale philosophy—which on the past year's evidence is also the Administration's philosophy—leads to complete fiscal irresponsibility.

And it should not be necessary to spell out what fiscal irresponsibility leads to. The answer is becoming clearer every day. It leads, besides waste, to monetary inflation: which leads to wage rises and price rises: which lead to "voluntary guidelines," to foreign investment control and to arbitrary and extra-legal price controls: which will lead to more and still tighter controls: which will lead to business unsettlement and reduced, unbalanced and unsynchronized production: which will lead. . . . But let us not try to look more than five years ahead. The one thing there won't be is an accumulated $50 billion budget surplus.

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Dialogue in Vermont

L. BRENT BOZELL

At St. Michael's they gathered recently to ponder the question whether religion and Communism are parallel or antithetical, and the thing to do was to keep your mind open, and listen, listen, listen . . .

There was considerable Catholic disgruntlement last spring, not exactly deafening to be sure, at the efforts of Robert Hutchins and his friends to co-opt Pope John for the purposes of the secular Left. The "Pacem in Terris" extravaganza staged in New York by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions was plainly a demonstration on behalf of pacifist, accommodationist adjustments in U.S. foreign policy. Hutchins had seen to it, moreover, that official Soviet spokesmen were on hand, obviously intimating that the Vatican and the Kremlin had at last found some common ideological ground. Not surprisingly the Liberal Catholic magazines coyly approved — the Hutchins show was, after all, very much in keeping with the *avant garde*'s vision, already being tested in Europe, of a Christian "dialogue" with Communists. But other Catholic quarters were not pleased at all, and many members of the hierarchy were privately indignant at what they deemed a cynical exploitation of John's celebrated encyclical. The interpretation and application of John's thesis, they huffed, was primarily the business of Catholic authorities whose understanding of the theoretical and moral framework in which a Dialogue might proceed was rather more exacting than the secular establishment's. (See *NR*, Mar. 23, 1965.)

Which is why I became intrigued by the news that a Christian-Communist dialogue (such, at least, was the initial impression) was about to take place under *Catholic* auspices—to my knowledge the first such formal confrontation to be staged in the United States. The flyer announced a "Conference on Religion in the Communist Bloc Countries," to be sponsored on November 8 and 9 by St. Michael's College at Winooski, Vermont. While the conference title was not particularly communicative, the program details furnished some enticements.

The opening session, for instance, was to explore the topic, *"Religion and Communism—Parallel or Antithesis"* under the guidance of Prof. Robert Daniels, Chairman of the History Department at the University of Vermont. And four subsequent sessions would be devoted to location reports. Prof. Harold Berman of the Harvard Law School would handle *"Communism and Religion in Russia."* (Berman is probably the country's foremost expert on Soviet law, having both studied and taught in Moscow —and once argued a case before the Soviet Supreme Court.) Former Hungarian Prime Minister, Ferenc Nagy,* had a similar assignment for "Eastern Europe," and Kenneth Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale and a Baptist minister, would report on China. To relate the facts on *"Communism and Religion in Poland,"* St. Michael's had invited Zygmunt Broniarek, the Washington correspondent of *Trybuna Ladu,* the official organ of the Polish Communist Party. Seduced, I packed a bag for Winooski.

Campus Atmosphere Conditioned

The school authorities, it quickly became clear, were not wholly innocent of the implication of the experiment, and accordingly had taken certain steps to condition the campus atmosphere. "St. Michael's is fortunate," announced an officially stamped "Approved Notice" posted in the corridors, "to have so many distinguished authorities [who] will make us the beneficiaries of their objective presentation of the situation as it appears to them. We should, accordingly, accord them due professional respect—learning where we can, disagreeing if we must but avoiding an accusatory tone liable [sic] either to our own bias or to a possible misidentification of honest objectivity with personal espousal or indoctrination. *We should also seriously prepare refinement of our own views* by some advance study. . . ." ** There followed a list of recommended reading: a dozen or so articles, all but one suggesting the exciting possibilities of coexistence; two books, Michael Harrington's *The Accidental Century,* and L. J. Lebret's *The Last Revolution,* and John's encyclicals, *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris.*

(A student told me he had remarked to a faculty member the absence on the list of *Divini Redemptoris* and other papal documents denouncing Communism, and had been advised they were "out of date." Another student volunteered an account of a pre-Conference orientation session for faculty and student leaders, the main thrust of which, he said, was to urge open-mindedness on the question of whether Marx's thought is compatible with belief in God. Students, however, will be students; I preferred to let St. Michael's official attitudes, if any, emerge in the public domain.)

While waiting that evening for the introduction of the keynoter, I noted that the program we had been handed at the door contained a message of greeting from St. Michael's president, Rev. Gerald E. Dupont. Father Dupont's remarks were brief, but, in the context, startlingly ecumenical. Neither Christianity nor Communism was mentioned by name. Rather: "In the spirit of the Vatican Council, we are developing a deeper understanding of all religions. We look, therefore, with keen sympathy and hope toward recent efforts to improve the

*Not to be confused with Imre Nagy, briefly Hungary's premier during the 1956 Revolution. Ferenc Nagy came to power in the 1945 elections as chief of the Smallholders' Party, and was deposed by a Communist coup two years later.

**My emphasis, of course.

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religious aspirations of millions of people of different faith."

The chairman of the first session, Prof. James G. Case, now strode to the rostrum to introduce the keynoter. "This symposium," warned Professor Case, who is also Chairman of St. Michael's Philosophy Department, "may prove to be unsettling." Proper participation — he emphasized that the students were attending a "college function"—"requires us to renounce superficial clichés and slogans." "We ought to rethink whatever we have thought in the past"—for "we may not have fully grasped the implications of religion for Communism, or of Communism for religion." Moreover, an "appreciation" of the two points of view can only be had by hearing the advocates of each. There was a reference to the distinction Pope John drew in *Pacem in Terris* between "false philosophical teachings" and "historical provements" that may "draw inspiration" from these teachings. And then down to business: Professor Daniels' treatment of the question, *"Religion and Communism—Parallel or Antithesis,"* Professor Case promised, will furnish "a provocative blueprint for what will follow."

Mr. Daniels' thesis merits attention —not because it was novel (unless, perhaps, to St. Michael) and certainly not because it was profound; but because, as things worked out, Professor Case's promise about its role in the conference was so determinedly redeemed. "We know from the history of religious wars," Daniels began, "that some of the most violent struggles have been between two different religions, or . . . between schismatic groups of the same religion. And now the question about religion and Communism is whether the struggle between them might be this kind of struggle — because Communism has some of the characteristics of a religion itself, and is fighting traditional religions in a new kind of religious war."

In what sense is Communism a religion? Well, to be sure, "Communism rejects any belief in a personal divinity"; but then, "so do certain religions — Confucianism and some branches of Buddhism." Perhaps it would be more helpful, Daniels thought, to establish "a broader classification." We might better speak of them all as "faith movements"—which would provide a rubric for "including both traditional religions, and a secular faith such as Communism." After all, "Communism really does involve . . . an almost supernatural faith in the inevitable dialectic of history, and in the perfect classless society that will follow the proletarian revolution. Communism has its holy books . . . which may be re-interpreted, but never questioned. Communism has its moral commitment—the devotion of the revolutionist. . . Communism even has its saints and prophets, and its devils and apostates."

'Remarkable Parallel'

What, however, of the dogmatic content of the two "faith movements"? Here, again, Daniels ventured, there is a "remarkable parallel between some of the central beliefs of Marxism and Christianity." Namely—

> the original state of goodness [Communism], the Garden of Eden [Christianity]; the onset of the evils of the class system [Communism], the original sin and the Fall, followed by the sin and pain of man's historical existence on earth [Christianity]; the future proletarian revolution and the establishment of the classless society [Communism], the Day of Judgment, the end of the Earthly City, and the Advent of the City of God [Christianity].
>
> So, then, what does Marx's historical faith resemble? It is an exact parallel, with only the labels changed, of the pre-destination philosophy of St. Augustine. Plus a bit of Judaism —his faith in the proletariat as the Chosen People.

Having thus paid his respects to the major theological commitments of Christianity, Daniels turned to the Church's role in history—and Communism's. "Lenin might be thought of as both the St. Paul and the Emperor Constantine of the Communist movement." Later on the Communists wrote their "own complicated record of internal disputes and heresies. . . To root out the schismatics, the movement developed its Inquisition—the Central Control Commission and the Secret Police. To dispose of the culprits, it celebrated the *auto da fé*. . . ."

Such "references" to Christianity, Daniels noted pleasantly—it was one of the conference's rare acknowledgements of the putative commitments of the audience—might be resented on the grounds that the Church has since "become mature and tolerant." But the characterizations were not really "unfair": the mellowing of Christianity, after all, is a "relatively recent" affair. The point is that Communism as we have known it "is more like the Church used to be in its embattled youth." And it is not too much to hope that now "Communism is maturing—that it is going through its Reformation and Counter Reformation—that at least in Europe . . . Communism is learning to live with other beliefs."

All of which places into focus, Daniels concluded, "what might be the central question of this conference: Is Marxism, aside from its own anti-theistic philosophy, committed to suppress other beliefs and to deny the freedom of individual conscience?" And the answer to that question is to be found, not in philosophy, but "in the circumstances of history."

The balance of the address elaborated the factors that historically had contributed to the repressive aspects of Communism—and offered some judgments as to how each was currently faring. 1) The natural "passions of religious war"—"simmer [ing] down." 2) "The Russian tradition of militant atheism" — "wearing thin." 3) The familiar "struggle [between] Church and State" — "secularization [has] largely . . . won." 4) "Nationalism" — it sometimes, as in Poland, "prompts accommodation." 5) "The totalitarian state"—it remains a serious obstacle to "full religious liberty," though the prospects of overcoming it "differ from one Communist country to another." In short, the only flaws in the parallel between religion and Marxism—and thus the only intelligible barriers to their coexistence—are the nagging remnants of nationalism, and the tardiness of most Communist governments in acknowledging the virtues of the pluralistic society.

The essential message of Daniels' parody, then, was quite clear. Viewed from the throne of the Lord of Reason, the quarrel between the Communists and the Christians is largely illusory. Both, after all, are only "faith movements"—the one having an "anti-theistic" bias, the other being pro-theistic. And while each can be expected to take its own miserable superstitions seriously,

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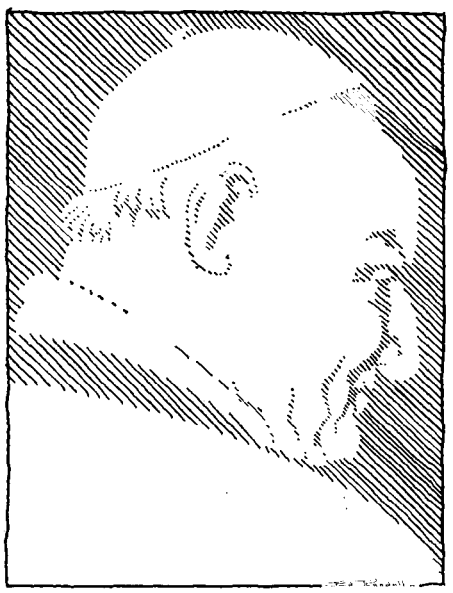
sensible men will not—providing due respect is shown the First Amendment.

"A fine paper," purred St. Michael's head philosopher. Whereupon Professor Case called to the platform Reverend Joseph Macha, a Jesuit of the Slovak Rite, who had not been listed on the original program. Fr. Macha evidently did not understand his topic—"*Vatican-Communist Relations*"—as calling for polemics, and accordingly left Professor Daniels' thesis almost entirely alone. He did remark—I suspect to his eternal credit—that Communism is "intrinsically wrong," so that whatever other prospects a dialogue might hold, no "compromise" was possible "on the level of ideology." A distinction was therefore in order between "dialogue" and "negotiations": the former—as he was to elaborate the next day—requires "the witness of Christ." For the rest, however, Fr. Macha stuck to his assignment—a business-like explanation of why the Vatican maintains relations with governments it does not approve. "The motivation is purely pastoral." As Pius XI had explained in defending Vatican negotiations with Fascist Italy, "When there is a question of saving souls, or preventing a greater harm to souls, we feel the courage to treat with the devil in person."

Professor Case thanked Fr. Macha for having "shown that we must not leap to conclusions"—an emphasis that I had, somehow, missed. The entire panel thereupon engaged in a brief commentary which was, with one exception, desultory. The Communist Broniarek contemptuously dismissed Professor Daniels' speech as a pastiche of "superficial similarities."

The task of introducing Professor Berman, next morning, fell to Father John Lanoue, a professor of history at St. Michael's. Recalling Professor Daniels' "interesting and inspiring" talk the night before, Fr. Lanoue seemed pleased at the way things were going. So, evidently, was Berman. "Soviet atheism" was not only "a faith," but a "militant" one. Yet in spite of the regime's opposition the Christian faith had somehow managed to survive in the Soviet Union. "It is not true that Christianity in Russia is underground. The truth," Berman said, is that "tens of millions of Russians are avowed Christians and openly attend church services," and this notwithstanding that "the Soviet leaders have sought to use every possible means at their disposal to discourage not merely 'organized religion' but the very belief in God, and to eliminate 'religious survivals' . . . from the mentality of the Soviet people."

How account for the "extraordinary vitality of religious faith in Russia"? The principal explanation—and for once I wished the audience were a little larger—was "the Russian liturgy, which has dramatic appeal of extraordinary power. The music carries you into another world. Time stands still. One's heart soars as the priests, the deacons, and the choirs sing prayers of passion, thanksgiving, suffering, penitence, forgiveness, and grace. . . . The triumphant beauty of the singing is matched by the splendor and pathos of the icons." But the appeal of the Orthodox liturgy was not merely "aesthetic." It answered the Russian's "deepest need, the need for an alternative to the hatred, sins, and violence of this world; indeed an alternative to this world itself." Thereupon a number of passages from Orthodox sermons on the subject of love.



John XXIII

Counseled the "virtue of prudence"

So? Was this moving witness to the power of religious faith in the presence of militant opposition something the Church should settle for in Russia? After all, Berman had earlier acknowledged some interferences with the Christian vision. For instance, "the overwhelming majority of the youth, especially in the cities, are atheists—some forty million of them being in the Communist youth organizations, which, like the Party, are sworn to atheism." Never mind: the "crucial" consideration, on Berman's showing, was not how many Russians become Christians, but that the survival of the Christian faith was "helping Soviet society as a whole, including the Soviet state and the Communist Party leadership, to become more humane, to be more humble, more civilized at home and more peaceful abroad."

A student questioner asked why the Soviet regime's militancy against religion should not be matched by Christian militancy on religion's behalf. "Isn't the goal of Christianity as well as of Communism, to conquer the world?" Was it the Professor's recommendation, I understood the student to be saying, that in its official posture the Catholic Church should imitate the leaders of the Russian Orthodox Church, and cooperate with the regime?

"Christianity preaches," Mr. Berman explained, "a reconciliation of opposites."

Under the circumstances, Ferenc Nagy's account of the persecution of the Church in Eastern Europe seemed distracting. Dr. Nagy gallantly withdrew from the mainstream of the proceedings: he, for one, was "not going to forget the blood and suffering" of the past twenty years. But Nagy's assignment, like Father Macha's, was restrictive: a factual report on the Suffering Church's experience under Communism did not lend itself to recommendations on how the Church might treat with its tormentors in the future.

The appearance of a "live Communist," as Mr. Broniarek was introduced that afternoon, nearly doubled the size of the audience and brought out the movie cameras. Broniarek was introduced by Robert Henault, another member of St. Michael's History Department, who wondered brightly whether the "conflicts" under discussion might not be "conflicts between right and right."

Broniarek's own performance contained few surprises. There were a couple of jokes about the "underdog" position of "one who is intrinsically wrong"; and about not blaming a

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"Communist conspiracy" for the static in the loudspeaker—which the audience courteously found amusing. He also knew something about upmanship. Although no longer a believer, he had once been an altar boy, and thus—so the implication ran—had been able to make an educated choice between Communism and Christianity.

And then the line. Religion in Poland was thriving under the "mellowness and tolerance" of the Communist system. There were "more priests" than ever before—"more bishops, more dioceses, more parishes." "Catholic research" was also booming, as were "Catholic" publications—a point elaborated by the inevitable mountain of statistics. Granted: the official position of the Polish Government was anti-religious. But the regime was committed to forwarding its views by "persuasion" and "education," never by "force." (One instrument of the "persuasion" campaign, Broniarek noted, was the "atheist" magazine *Arguments* which, "for what it's worth," he said, "draws much of its material from *Ramparts*.")

Polish 'Dialogue'

So conditions were ripe in Poland for "dialogue"—the natural mode of "ideological pluralism." And fortunately, important elements of the Catholic Church had come to the same conclusion. For instance, the weekly newspaper *Kierunki*, which Broniarek described as "close to Cardinal Wyszynski" (actually, *Kierunki* is the official publication of the "Pax Association," a notorious Communist fifth column in the Catholic Church), had advised that "the pontificate of John XXIII has opened up a qualitative new phase in the relationship between the Church and the Socialist countries." The significance of the new phase, the article had said, is that the "Apostolic See clearly seeks . . . to break with the relics of associations with colonialism and to rest the work of the Church on new principles by adapting to the local [i.e. Communist] conditions." That kind of thing.

As Professor Latourette rose to read the Conference's final paper—as it turned out, a tedious review of China's historical experience with the missionaries, that ended with a little peroration about the joys of the "post-Christian era"—my mind began to wander. I wondered what St. Michael, whose symbol is the sword, might be thinking about all of this. I suspected he would be proud of the students—there had been very little opportunity for audience participation, but most of the questions that had been asked showed sensitivity to Christian commitments. (Also he knew, as I was to learn later, that the student body about this time had voted overwhelmingly in favor of carrying America's war against Communism into North Vietnam.) But mightn't St. Michael fear for the survival of this toughness? It was not so much that the men responsible for advancing Christian education under his banner had brought a Communist to the campus, and treated him as an educator. As a matter of fact, Mr. Broniarek's refusal to compromise *his* commitments under the silly rubric of "parallels" might have pleased St. Michael, if only as a demonstration of manliness, which could have been acquired as an altar boy. But what of the "sense of the meeting" that had now so clearly emerged from the conference? To be sure, Pope John had allowed for the theoretical possibility of relevant "evolution" in the Communist movement. But a reliable assessment as to whether such a development had actually occurred, John had also warned, would require close attention to the "virtue of prudence." Had the dons of St. Michael's really apperceived a change during the past twenty years in Communism's designs on Christianity? Had they been exposed to a single item of reliable evidence during the course of this conference of changes of this kind? Yet *something* had changed. The teaching of Catholic educators twenty years ago was in tune with the prayers that used to be said to St. Michael after the Catholic Mass, invoking his aid in the battle for souls behind the Iron Curtain. Today the official voice of St. Michael's had a quite different sound. Not only had Professor Daniels' thesis about the essential similarity of the two "faith movements" passed without challenge from the half-dozen faculty members who participated in the conference. Without an exception, every one of them had called attention to its thematic role in the conference, and had explicitly or implicitly endorsed it.

A question period had been scheduled as a wind-up for the conference—perhaps that would be the moment, St. Michael could agree, for an appropriate witness. Several members of the audience, the intermission gossip had it, planned to say something.

Professor Edward Pfeifer, the Chairman of St. Michael's History Department, presided at the question period, which began with the conventional bows to the panel—to Mr. Daniels for having "set the tone" of the conference, to Mr. Broniarek for having been an "effective spokesman for [his] country," and so on. But "there will be," Professor Pfeifer announced coyly, "only two questions, and I will ask them both." "Did you like our speakers?" Polite applause. "Would you like to hear them again?" Polite applause.

Voice of America Dilemma

You never can explain a nation
That borrows money for vacation
To one that borrows so that it
Can do the things so requisite
To lure there for his recreation
The man who borrows for vacation.

ELIZABETH MANNING

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The Day the Vietcong Attacked the United States

Peaceniks are on the march, at home and abroad. Who are they? How are they organized? What do they want? Peace, concludes the author, even on Communist terms

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

On October 15, a small army of demonstrators in ninety-odd cities across the country and in many foreign capitals turned out to demand an end to the war in Vietnam.

Not just any end: they wanted a Communist victory. This fact emerges from the three-day protest as certainly as if the demonstrations had been planned in Hanoi (which, to a slight but measurable extent, they were). How it all came about, while all along the nation was being told that internal Communism posed no menace, is an extraordinarily complex question. But it is not impossible to pinpoint the source of the agitation in Berkeley. In the office of a boyish-looking 35-year-old math professor at the University of California we meet Prof. Stephen Smale, founder and co-chairman of a group called the Vietnam Day Committee. As a student at the University of Michigan in the early fifties Smale was a member of the now-defunct Labor Youth League, which was cited as a Communist front by the Subversive Activities Control Board. He was also treasurer of the Young Progressives and a member of the Michigan Council of Arts, Sciences and Professions, a local branch of another officially-cited Communist front organization. Since then, the public record reveals only that he served as the faculty adviser for the UC Fair Play for Cuba Committee, a group that disbanded nationally after one of its members, Lee Harvey Oswald, ran into some bad publicity two years ago.

Joining Smale in organizing the Vietnam Day Committee were Jerry Rubin, a mustachioed Castroite of the breed of non-students who loiter around the congenial Berkeley campus plotting mischief; Robert Scheer, former leader of the UC Fair Play for Cuba Committee, author of a tract on Vietnam for the ultra-Liberal Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and now foreign editor of the nominally Catholic journal, *Ramparts;* Paul Montauk, organizer for the Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party, who became editor of the *Vietnam Day Committee News;* and a colleague in the math department, Prof. Morris Hirsch. The VDC was fleshed out with several other faculty members, a few locally prominent radicals and a score of battle-hardened leaders of Berkeley's "Free Speech Movement." "Anyone who opposes the war in Vietnam" could join, that being their shorthand for "pro-Communists welcome."

The Old World in Ashes?

Undertaking its organizational duties, the VDC issued a statement of purpose, which among other things damned as immoral "American suppression of [the] revolutionary struggles for self-determination [that] are sweeping the world today" and held that "the struggle in America against racism, poverty and bureaucratic conformity is a part of the same movement as the struggle against American militarism. We must build a New America and join those people in Asia, Africa and Latin America building a new world." Then it set out to make ashes of the old world to make a new world from.

Its task was to sign up other organizers, contact foreign groups, plan the local demonstration, and train a cadre to direct it.

Assisting the VDC especially were the W. E. B. DuBois clubs and the local branch of Women Strike for Peace (also called Women for Peace). Clara Smale and Charity Hirsch, wives of the VDC leaders, are enthusiastic members of WSP.

The VDC turned over the chore of contacting groups in other localities to Students for a Democratic Society, largest and vanguard organization of the New Left. SDS had pushed itself into the forefront of the New Left this spring by sponsoring the large "peace" rally in Washington, D. C. on April 17.

SDS in turn set up ad hoc Committees to End the War in Vietnam in many cities.

Two other groups that played a major part in reaching local workers were WSP and SANE.

VDC sponsored the West Coast version of the Congress (or Assembly) of Unrepresented People (COUP), the larger COUP having been held in Washington, D.C. from August 6-9 to observe the anniversaries of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. On the agenda in Washington were civil disobedience (some 350 persons were arrested), workshops on draft-dodging and community action, and the formation of the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam, which thenceforth had the job of coordinating the October demonstrations. The VDC sent a delegation to Washington and claimed credit for the NCC.

Frank Emspak, a January graduate of the University of Wisconsin, was named chairman of the NCC. He set up headquarters in a sort of junior Berkeley, Madison, Wisconsin. Emspak's committee consisted of members of some 33 groups sponsoring the demonstrations.

The selection of Emspak was uniquely appropriate. He is the son, labor columnist Victor Riesel reported, of the late Julius Emspak, alias "Comrade Juniper," a top Communist organizer in the old CIO.

The VDC's Congress of Unrepresented People was held in Oakland

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August 21. It featured workshops on civil disobedience, the effects of war on children, negotiations, police brutality and abolishing HUAC, this last being the most popular.

Some remarkable insights into the character and organizational structure of COUP, and thus also of the October demonstrations, were gained by reporter Jerry LeBlanc, who went where the action was in search of a story:

"In the interests of truth [LeBlanc wrote], I lived the life of a DuBois Club enthusiast for two months, and found myself wending through a maze of kindred organizations, overlapping in function and all having in common one aim: creation of a new political force."

One of the first things LeBlanc wanted to know was, why is Vietnam such an important issue with the Left?

"[*People's World* writer and FSM leader Carl] Bloice explained the position as follows: 'If the United States imperialists gain anything from this intervention, even if they only manage to bring about negotiations, that will be a gain and they will have established a pattern for intervention in all future people's revolutions, wherever they happen.'"

"He stated that other 'people's revolutions' were in the offing, including 'one in South Africa soon. I can't promise you when, but it will be before next July.'

"'North Vietnam has a special North American affairs representative, and he knows more about the peace movement in the United States than I do,' Bloice told us."

Almost all the warlike programs Jerry LeBlanc learned about working deep within the VDC movement were ultimately incorporated in the VDC's demonstration strategy. Only the names were changed to fool the innocent.

Not long after the Congress of Unrepresented People, the VDC released a statement which said in part:

"The Vietnam Day Committee, Berkeley, along with 32 other groups in the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam, has called for October 15 and 16 to be International Days to Protest Against American Military Intervention [i.e. let's give Victor Charlie a free hand]. We ask groups throughout the U.S.A. and the world to join this protest by engaging in demonstrations and civil disobedience.

"We plan a community anti-war meeting in Berkeley on October 15, to be followed by massive civil disobedience on October 16. We will block the Oakland Army Terminal, the major send-off port of men and matériel for Vietnam. Our peaceful 'invasion' will impose peace upon this war center. We are already organizing our *political* [emphasis in original] defense in anticipation of mass arrests."

Having had little success in sporadic picketing of the Oakland Army Terminal, the VDC switched its attention to disrupting troop trains by lying down on the tracks. In revolution-safe Berkeley, it hadn't occurred to them that the train might not stop.

The first one didn't. At the last instant, a dozen young men on the tracks discovered the train was not cooperating, decided they didn't want

to be martyrs just yet, and dived off the tracks to save their skin.

The next day, a rather more jittery group tried again. Internal discord was evident as the demonstration leaders surveyed the hazards of train tracks. All kinds of alternative tactics were suggested. Then a flying wedge of policemen cleared the tracks as the train approached. The militants could do nothing more rewarding than jeer at the troops aboard ("suckers," one shouted repeatedly).

Meanwhile, in the able hands of the SDS, preparations for the big weekend had gone more smoothly elsewhere. Local end-the-war committees were formed which contacted and briefed demonstration participants. Great stress was laid on local autonomy, to insure a high turnout. SDS suggested that placards be limited to the single slogan, "Stop the war in Vietnam now," to pacify the pacifists.

As Jack Smith of the Communist-line *National Guardian* saw it, "The national days of protest will also determine the significance of the myriad independent, community-based [read: front group] committees to oppose the war in Vietnam and the radical student movement, which are largely responsible for organizing and coordinating the demonstrations. At issue is whether these groups, relatively young and operating mainly outside the structure of the traditional peace movement, can bring out the vote."

Back in California, as D-Day approached, the best-laid plans of the VDC were ganging aft in all directions.

The VDC had alienated some of its supporters in the debate on tactics with a group of UC faculty, and it lost even more in the sour public reaction to its train-ins. Still others, *People's World* reported, had been "frightened off by pre-march developments," meaning the posting of No Trespassing signs at the Oakland Army Base, the denial of a permit for VDC to use a vacant lot across from the base for a "teach-out," the denial of a parade permit to march in Oakland, and the vow of Oakland police chief Edward Toothman that the VDC "will not set foot in Oakland." The bulk of the convictions resulting from the Sproul Hall rebellion of the FSM had been for trespassing. Few who had been at Sproul Hall were cheery about their chances of beating the rap for trespassing this time.

II

Friday, October 15

On the first day of the demonstrations, those who were to take part read in their morning newspapers that the strike called for South Vietnam the previous day by the Vietcong (which *People's World* understood to be a sympathy strike in support of the demonstrations) had failed utterly.

It was a bad omen for a protest dedicated to the image that the Vietnamese war was an NLF (National Liberation Front)-led people's revolt against their U.S.-puppet rulers.

That first day, by common consent, action was to be mostly limited to conferences and workshops, to give

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the marchers their final instructions and a nice veneer of enthusiasm. Organizers checked out placards and leaflets, and assigned battle stations for Saturday.

Here and there, marchers took to the streets.

In New York, over 300 members of the SDS, WSP, War Resisters League, Committee for Non-Violent Action and Youth Against War and Fascism assembled outside the Army Induction Center on Whitehall Street. They were addressed by Bob Parris, a civil rights leader, and James Peck, editor of a CORE paper, and also by a number of spectators who advised them to take a bath. It was at this rally that David Miller set a much-publicized fire to his draft card.

Several dozen Hunter College students mounted a picket, and at CCNY several hundred students and faculty toted their placards in a four-hour "silent vigil," the hush being broken occasionally by their applause for calls to resist the draft and to demand the recall of U. S. forces in Vietnam. They were counter-picketed by the campus Young Conservative Club. Yale undergraduates cut classes to heckle a march by 250 persons in New Haven.

In Chicago, a Jewish spectator, offended by a poster reading "I only followed orders—Adolf Eichmann," was more successful in ripping it up than in landing a haymaker on its bearer. Several scuffles with the police were reported; 200 pickets and 200 counter-pickets, separated by a thin blue line, glowered at each other in a Chicago park.

Police in Columbus, Ohio arrested four leaders of the demonstration there before it started.

By far the largest turnout Friday was reported in impatient Berkeley.

In the morning, 2,000 gathered on the UC campus for a VDC rally. They sang civil rights songs, listened to a procession of speakers, and held a seminar on going limp if arrested. They roared their answers to questions like Harvey O'Conner's (chairman of the National Committee to Abolish HUAC), "Young men of draft age: are you willing to go to Vietnam to burn up the women of Vietnam with napalm?"

By late afternoon, over 10,000 had arrived to take part in the Grand March, scheduled for 7:30 P.M. Then, led by the VDC and escorted by the Berkeley police, the great mass surged up Telegraph Avenue toward the Oakland city line, on its way to the Oakland Army Base seven miles away.

An hour and a half later they arrived at the Oakland line, still flanked by several hundred Berkeley police. In front of them was a wall of Oakland police determined to enforce Chief Toothman's orders.

The march stopped cold. After some milling around, with the demonstrators boxed in on three sides by police, the VDC gave the word to advance—down a side street and back to the Berkeley Civic Center plaza, where the crowd dispersed under VDC instructions to get some rest and come back the next day.

A few of the marchers decided they would stick it out at the Civic Center all night. The *New York Times* reported, "About 150 watched Vietnam war films [i.e. Vietcong propaganda films] and slept in the park. The police aroused the sleepers at 8 A.M. so that the weekly lawn-watering could proceed. The demonstrators huddled on curbs and sidewalks, red-eyed and hungry, their muscles stiff from the cool night air."

The second day of demonstrations six months in planning had arrived for them.

Saturday, October 16

Saturday turnouts ranged from a high of "over 10,000" by police estimate in New York City, to a low of one reckless individual who marched in Tallahassee, Florida.

When the day ended, the numbers game began in earnest—how many had taken part in all? Frank Emspak put the preliminary figure at 70,000 and said it would undoubtedly rise to 100,000 when all the returns were in, which, of course, it did. A few days later he was claiming 100,000 which by coincidence is the turnout he had predicted weeks before the demonstrations.

No doubt also by coincidence, the *Worker, People's World, National Guardian* and other organs of the Left all hit upon the figure of 100,000. A more scrupulous count would have put the turnout at half that, and probably more like 40,000.

Counter-pickets turned out in force too, in some places outnumbering the demonstrators. In New York City, for example, 200 demonstrators collided with 700 "aroused" citizens and decided discretion was the better part of valor. Bystanders at a Detroit rally drowned it out singing the national anthem.

The demonstrations in foreign capitals made little effort to conceal their anti-U. S. intentions. The crowd in Brussels carried Vietcong flags. The U. S. embassy was the target in Brussels, Copenhagen, Dublin, Stockholm and other cities. Tokyo witnessed twin demonstrations, the larger by the Peking-oriented Communist Party, the other by the Moscow-line Socialist Party. (As is customary there, the Tokyo marchers cursed South Korea even more vigorously than they did the U. S.) London marchers carried signs reading, "We Want Johnson Crucified," and enjoyed the spectacle of Lord Bertrand Russell ripping up his Labor Party card.

Handy-Dandy Peacenik Guide

Victor Charlie — VC — Vietcong
VDC — Vietnam Day Committee
FSM — Free Speech Movement
WSP — Women Strike for Peace
SDS — Students for a Democratic Society
SANE — Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy
COUP — Congress (or Assembly) of Unrepresented People
NCC — National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam
NLF — National Liberation Front

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

What Hope of Good Urban Planning?

Despite the immense sums we have spent upon urban "renewal," our cities have been falling apart with increasing speed. Never was there a greater need for urban planning enlightened by the moral imagination. Addressing recently the 48th annual conference of the American Institute of Planners, this commentator found that our city planners know the tremendous scale of their task. They need all the help they can find.

Kirk

True planning is at least as much a conservative labor as it is a "progressive" scheme. I recommend to everybody an admirable article, "Conservatives and the City," by David Franke, in a recent number of the *New Guard*, published by Young Americans for Freedom. As Mr. Franke points out, everybody should read Mrs. Jane Jacobs' passionate, accurate book *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*—and become familiar with the good work Mrs. Jacobs and others have done by saving much of Greenwich Village from the wreckers' ball —and achieving genuine renewal on a humane scale.

A young reader of this page, Mr. Fritz Kaeser, suggests most perceptively some of the things wrong with the American urban behemoth—and with which our urban planning has not yet begun to deal adequately. Here are some of his observations:

"First, the quality of the architecture is dismaying. Organic architecture is being ignored, for the most part, because of its personal and individual quality. Planning for the individual must entail an individual architecture, not international style *à la* current mode of Paul Rudolph, Louis I. Kahn, Gordon Bunschaft, and the Eastern boys.

"Second, the sheer size of our cities will kill human culture. You are acquainted with the Brave New Worlds that our latest periodicals display, such as Paulo Soleri's 'City on the Mesa.' Frightful, but it is coming—the mob loves it: togetherness.

"Third, the automobile is obsolete. It is time we recognized this before the auto makes civilization obsolete. The government, now nicely allied with business, is pandering to the needs of the motorist—regardless of all other necessities. The Highway Commission must be stopped — or better, overruled.

"Fourth, the land-speculators are the great makers of slumurbia, responsible for the concentration of skyscrapers. All too often they are defended as part of a free economy."

Mr. Kaeser's mordant criticisms suggest that urban planning requires a leap in being. This Oklahoman student concludes: "It seems to me that we can plan the functional requirements of a city, but the more we plan the *culture* of cities, meaning especially the architecture of cities, the worse it will get. In other words, plan part of the city, and include as part of the plan a great deal that is unplanned."

Local Action Needed

This task is one for local action. Centralized national planning, let alone universalized planning, the American citizen cannot stomach. Moreover, this nation is unprepared for centralized planning, even would the people accept it. Unlike the British, the Americans are not deferential people. Our territorial democracy (Orestes Brownson's phrase) is not about to fade away. Any successful urban planner must take account of the necessity for obtaining local assent, if not local enthusiasm, for designs to make the city safe, handsome, and prosperous once more.

Though our cities must work out their own redemption, without autocratic central direction and without subservience to an institutionalized elite, it seems to me that our present urban plight, terrible challenge though it remains, has begun to be met by some promising local and personal responses. At any rate, money from our federal treasury has not (with a few honorable exceptions) reinvigorated and beautified our cities; so we had best turn to the traditional American reliance upon local and personal ingenuity.

True, many of our blunders and Philistine shortcomings of the federally-subsidized "urban renewal" program have been committed by selfish local interests and misguided local enthusiasts. But we cannot assume that had the whole program been conducted by federal officials, the result would have been more pleasing.

I think it is often true that local improvers, if compelled to rely upon locally-supplied funds, and if compelled to plan imaginatively the restoration or reconstitution of their own community, would have acted far more prudently than they did while allured by federal subsidies and emboldened by the Federal Government's delegated powers of eminent domain.

If the able urban planner, acting as guide rather than autocrat, joins to a practical talent some power of moral imagination, he can do much to check that depersonalization which is so dismaying a mark of modern urban existence; and he can resist the coming of the mass-age, restoring urban community as a bulwark against a totalist domination.

Urban planning and American freedom are not necessarily inconsonant—so long as America's limited, representative, and territorial democracy is not assaulted by an imprudent planner's *hybris*. The quality of our planners' imagination may determine, in considerable part, whether urbanized America can learn to live in justice and proliferating variety. The unplanned city must fall into anarchy; while the city without true neighborhoods, without humane scale, must raise the question that an English planner asked about Le Corbusier's nightmare colossus of a housing-project in Marseilles: "Who will be queen of this hive?"

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Vietnam—In and Out of Focus

PYRRHO

Our Vietnam Nightmare might be retitled "The Education of Marguerite Higgins." An account of affairs in a troubled country during the summer and fall of 1963, it covers the period in which New Frontiersmen, with the aid of the press, were systematically attempting to destroy the Diem government. Miss Higgins appears at first to have only differed with most of her U.S. press colleagues in Saigon, but the differences grew to an outraged protest—and this book.

The focus is on the Buddhist political initiative and the "burning bonzes," which were reported as proof of the evil character of the Diem government. In fact, as the book shows, the "Buddhist crisis" was a fabrication of Buddhist leader Thich Tri Quang, a former associate of the Communists, and his "suicide-promotion" group. After the incident staged by Thich Tri Quang on May 8, 1963, when eight persons were killed during a demonstration at the Hué radio station, the Diem government moved toward certain extinction. The government was charged with the deaths, although the victims, including children and non-Buddhists, were almost certainly killed by a plastic bomb—not by the soldiers' gunfire. The *New York Times* and CBS gave extensive publicity to the fabricated account of Thich Tri Quang, and neither is spared in Miss Higgins' review of the affair, although the *Times* stories get special treatment.

IN WASHINGTON, Hilsman and Harriman, representing Foggy Bottom, were locked in debate on the issue with McNamara and McCone, representing the Right Bank of the Potomac. These National Security Council discussions were not always conducted in a seemly manner. Even *Paris Match* was quoted, according to a shame-faced report by Ed Murrow. The debate was concluded suddenly on August 24, 1963, by a cable to Saigon, approved by President Kennedy; it amounted to a "declaration of war" against the Diem government.

The officials primarily responsible for the dispatch of the message to Saigon were Ball, Harriman, and Hilsman, although Mike Forrestal, a White House assistant and former aide to Harriman, played an important role in obtaining Defense and CIA approval, on the basis of the President's approval (itself based on Ball's cryptic summary over the phone to Hyannis Port). Neither McNamara, McCone, Taylor nor Rusk was consulted—all were away during the summer weekend. The weekend gambit was successful, and it is of interest that it took place on the *first weekend* after the arrival of Henry Cabot Lodge in Saigon.

In the remaining two months before Diem and Nhu were murdered, State supported a coup—which came on November 1. Miss Higgins was able to extract a promise from Roger Hilsman that Madame Nhu's children would be spared and that Ngo Dinh Can, the brother of Diem, would be offered asylum. Half the promise was kept, but Ngo Dinh Can was duly surrendered to his executioners by U. S. officers.

This is an important book for at least two reasons: it provides a clear and valid account of the factors leading to the fall of the Diem government, and it provides evidence of the ways and means used by ideologues to achieve their ends. (It may also have significant consequences; President Johnson has a complete file of Ambassador Lodge's messages from Saigon.) Incidentally, this authentic story has the sustaining interest of detective fiction and it also chronicles the origins of a new form of political action—the flammable idealist.

WITH *Vietnam and the United States*, Hans J. Morgenthau adds another exhibit to an indecipherable and anomalous record. No one has yet explained how this brilliantly rational analyst of world politics was led into his position on Vietnam. He denies the position is "at variance with my general philosophy of politics and foreign policy." This is not a persuasive statement. The people with whom he agrees on Vietnam are precisely the people with whom he disagrees on almost any other issue at all, and in whose company he would not normally choose to be found.

The anomalous nature of his position is pointed up by his logical

Ngo Dinh Diem

a "classic mandarin of the old Chinese empire".

Our Vietnam Nightmare, by Marguerite Higgins. Harper, $5.95

Vietnam and the United States, by Hans J. Morgenthau. Public Affairs. $2.00

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method—he repeatedly relies on unsatisfactory data and questionable premises. For example, he uses a tendentious article in *Look* Magazine to establish that Diem was unimportant and without a claim to leadership, that he was "picked out of a hat" by John Foster Dulles. He also goes out on a scholarly limb when he says that hostilities originated "in the disintegration of the Diem regime, *followed* by North Vietnamese aid . . ." [italics mine]. If anything has been well established, one would think, it is that the Viet Minh forces and their bases in South Vietnam remained after the Geneva agreement—but as the Vietcong.

"This war is a guerrilla war," says Morgenthau, "and such a war, supported or at least not opposed by the indigenous population, can only be won by the indiscriminate killing of everybody in sight—by genocide." The fact is, of course, that guerrilla operations fail more often than not. Malaya was a decisive case, and there are many others. Even the French were not beaten in Vietnam; they decided to cut their losses. Morgenthau's statement that "the Geneva Conference ratified the military defeat of France" is subsequently contradicted by his statement that had France remained in Vietnam she would have faced "military disaster."

His attitude toward Diem, which grew out of a conference in 1955—the meeting of an intellectual mandarin of the West and the classic mandarin of the old Chinese empire—may have been a factor in his divorcement from reality on Vietnam. Even his attitude toward war has been transformed. Like most rational men he prefers peaceful settlements, but he recognizes that there are many things worth fighting for—except in Vietnam. Here he says: "The brutalization of our armed forces would be a serious matter for any nation . . . It is intolerable for the United States." When this normally fastidious scholar begins to sound like Martin Luther King, this reader, at least, is brought to a dead stop.

It may be that China is the source of the difficulty. Morgenthau states that "Chinese predominance [in Asia] is as much a fact of life as is American predominance in the Western Hemisphere, and our attempt to contain Chinese predominance in Asia—is about as sensible as would be China's trying to contain the Ameri-

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can predominance in the Western Hemisphere . . ." This is a conspicuously absurd statement, and it justifies a concluding comment on both books.

NEITHER OF THESE AUTHORS has taken any account whatever of the critical economic and population factors affecting Asian political affairs. This is not untypical. Neither does the press nor the State Department, with a few exceptions. Morgenthau refuses to recognize that China is desperately weak economically, and dependent on Western grain supplies. In the absence of Western grain, the cities of China would be in total disorder; there is not enough grain in the rural areas for the peasants themselves—the result both of Communist "efficiency" and of continuing population growth. China had help during Korea, and its population was 150 million smaller and self-sufficient in food.

Both writers also neglect to note that North Vietnam is not viable economically, and it is literally unable to survive for very long without the surplus food of the Mekong Delta. The Red River Valley is the most densely populated rural area on earth, and certainly one of the two or three hungriest; only the Chinese are as ill-fed.

In effect, the simplest things are the least noticed. Hardly anyone observes, for example, that the doubled standard of living in Puerto Rico has been largely due to the stable population achieved through the flight of the surplus to the mainland. There are fewer people employed there today than in 1940, but income is more than twice as high. Castro, on the other hand, has taken advantage of our frightening ignorance to ship his dissidents, criminals, incompetents, aged, and ill to the United States—at our expense. We are deceived, of course, blinded by the overpowering wish to "do good."

Our generation is frightened—not only of China, but of the entire human dilemma; so we take refuge in pity. The Liberals—the fearful little ones who rule—fail to notice the complementarity of pity-terror.

Christmas

Books to Make Friends Happy

GUY DAVENPORT

THE SEASON BEGAN with an expensive book going into its second printing before Thanksgiving. Yale University Press issued *The Vinland Map and The Tartar Relation* ($15 until the end of the year, $20 afterwards) on Columbus Day. It is, as everyone knows by now, a map and several documents indicating that North America was discovered some three centuries before Columbus by a delightfully muddle-headed Viking named Bjarni Herolfsson. *The Vinland Map* (edited by R.A. Skelton, Thomas Marston, and George Painter) is a handsome book and will make the perfect gift for the book-cherishing friend—if you can find a copy. After the first of the year it will become a History Book Club Selection and a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate, so the distinction of rarity will evaporate overnight.

If you had your heart set on the book and can't get it, Penguin Books have in print for 95¢ an excellent translation of *The Graenlendinga Saga* and *Eirik's Saga* under the general heading of *The Vinland Sagas: The Norse Discovery of America*. The archeological buff will also be happy to lose himself in Gerald Hawkins' *Stonehenge Decoded* (Doubleday, $5.95), a new and convincing theory about the prehistoric stone circle on Salisbury Plain.

C. W. Ceram, whose *Gods, Graves and Scholars* was popular some years back, has looked into the beginnings of the movies in *Archeology of the Cinema* (Harcourt, $6.50), generously illustrated and with a terse narrative. For the man in the know, there is much here that is astonishing (John Herschel assumes the place once occupied by Nicéphore Niepce, for example). The account works its way through all the early analyses of motion right up to the first commercial films, and is a study not of the film in its infancy (as the title might lead one to think) but in its technological gestation.

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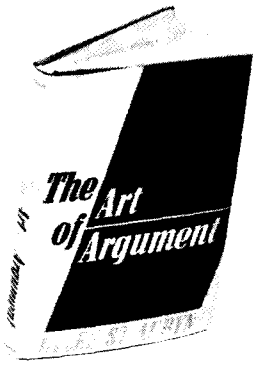

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great beauty is David Talbot Rice's and Wim Swaan's *Constantinople from Byzantium to Istanbul* (Stein and Day, $12.50), as readable as it is lookable at. Movie-goers who found themselves fascinated by *Topkapi*, where much of the garden beauty and ancient splendor of Turkey got onto film, can have their curiosity satisfied completely in this eye-opening study.

One of the unsuspected activities of the sculptor Auguste Rodin was a book about Gothic architecture, published in France in 1914. Beacon Press has now had it translated and issued in a format of wide margins and forty drawings in color, plus forty-eight in half-tone: *Cathedrals of France* ($17.50). Rodin's remarks are pithy and wise but not systematic or scholarly. The drawings are swift annotations, and Rodin's approach is a refreshing hundred miles distant from the solemnities of Ruskin and Henry Adams.

Gisèle Freund, the photographer, has collaborated with V. B. Carleton to produce a picture book for the literary: *James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years* (Harcourt, $8.50). This album includes not only some fine photographs of Joyce and his family but also many pages of Paris of the period and writers who were around then.

THE art book abounds as usual, of course, and abounds in senseless duplications — copycat books, "safe" painters that the public can be counted on to recognize, and other ploys of the predatory publisher. Here are some exceptions that are worth calling attention to. Joseph Veach Noble has written an informative book about Greek vases, *The Techniques of Painted Attic Pottery* (Watson-Guptill, $17.50), with 260 illustrations. Also from Watson-Guptill, Martin Butlin's *Turner Watercolors* ($15), with 32 plates in color. René Huyghe, whose scattered pronouncements on modern art have scarcely been illuminating, has done an excellent job of editing a superbly rich reference book, the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Modern Art* (Prometheus Press, $15.95 until Jan. 1, $20 thereafter). An education lies in this book, and it is just the thing for the young and the anxious to learn.

Barnes-Yoseloff offers Frank H. Boo's *The Ceramic Sculptures of Ancient Oaxaca* ($30) as well as the painter Raphael Soyer's study in appreciation, *Homage to Thomas Eakins* ($10). For a further look at the American heritage, there's Alexander Wyckoff's *Art and Artists in America 1735-1835* (Blom, $18.75), with five hundred reproductions, including twelve color plates.

Françoise Henry's *Irish Art in the Early Christian Period to 800 A.D.* (Cornell Univ. Press, $12.50) is the first of three volumes about medieval Irish art. It contains 134 illustrations, fourteen of which are in color, and the text is authoritative. *The Doge's Palace* (Morrow, $15) by Terisio Pignatti is another evocation of past wonderment, and has forty-two color pages and sixty-two half-tone plates. The New York Graphic Society can always be counted on for a good selection of intelligent art books. Their offerings this session include Anne-

marie Dube-Heynig's *Kirchner: His Graphic Art* ($22.50), the little-known work of a painter deserving of more recognition than he has; Ionel Jiano's *Zadkine* ($12.50), with a hundred illustrations; and Roger Fry's *Seurat* ($5.95), with fifty color plates. Seurat is also the subject of a Praeger volume by John Russell ($7.50).

Shorewood Publishers have begun a series of books about museums, under the general editorship of Sir John Rothenstein, who was director of the Tate in London for many years. The first volume is devoted to the Kroller-Muller Museum at Otterlo in Holland (*Museums Discovered*, Vol. 1, $7.95) —a museum chock-full of Van Goghs and early Dutch painting, and which the comfortable reader in his library may realize is reached from Amsterdam by a train, a bus, and a mile's walk through a park.

Wim Swaan, who photographed the book about Constantinople mentioned above, has also made the pictures for Charles Nims' *Thebes of the Pharaohs* (Stein and Day, $12.50), a bright book indeed. Mr. Nims is a first-rate archeologist, and the pictures are astounding.

The East-West Center Press of Hawaii offers a charming gift book: Utagawa Hiroshige's series of color prints (and all fifty-three of them are reproduced) called *The Fifty-Three Stages of the Tokaido* ($10.50). The text is by Ichitaro Kodo, translated by Charles Terry, and explains the prints, which show the old road from Tokyo to Kyoto.

Grosset and Dunlap have initiated a series of books about architecture, the first two volumes of which are Henrie Stierlin's *Mayan* ($6.95) and Jean-Louis de Cenival's *Egyptian* ($6.95), both excellent for older children who are beginning to discover their world. New York as seen by artists and writers makes a fat book; compiled by Rust Hills, *New York, New York* (Shorecrest, $9.95) has twenty-four colorplates and eighty-four black-and-white illustrations.

Peter H. Beard's *The End of the Game* (Viking, $12.95) seems to me to be the best of the magazine-without-ads books, a category that proliferates at this time of year. Mr. Beard is a traveler, actor, photographer, and enthusiast who set out to reconstruct the Africa of Isaak Dinesen, and has done a whopping good job. The *Times* criticized this book when it came out for not having the standard editorializing about the plight of the native. Mr. Beard's eye was elsewhere, however, and it is quite an eye. It is a sad book, for it chronicles the passing of the hunter's and colonial's Africa, and elegizes the end of some of the strangest and proudest animals of God's creation.

So off you go a-shopping. You can find Ivan Sanderson's *Book of Great Jungles* for yourself, and all its kin such as *The Treasury of Hunting* and *The New York Times Book of Interior Design and Decoration*. And if you have a friend who can't be pleased one way or the other, give him Jules Feiffer's *The Great Comic Book Heroes* (Dial, $9.95), in color and with a commentary by Mr. Feiffer himself a master of the craft. There are twenty thousand copies available

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Children's Books

Worth Reading Before Wrapping

C. H. SIMONDS

THE SEASON'S GLUT of books for the young shows few startling trends. Camp, via Edward Gorey, is mounting a minor invasion of the nursery; Peter Rabbit is at last available in I/T/A, there are now 45 Hardy Boys books, and Joan Walsh Anglund, having got onto a good thing, won't let go until she has more titles to her credit than Victor Appleton or maybe even Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

Narrowing the field to books worth reading before wrapping, we find it's a grand year for poetry. Publishers seem to be waking up to the truth that poems for children should be written (and, for that matter, selected) by poets, rather than by dry-as-dust word-count experts or aging librarians umbilically bound to the rhyming dictionary.

A flower among the fair is *The Golden Journey* (Reilly & Lee, $5.95), compiled by William Jay Smith and Louise Bogan. The publishers bill it a worthy successor to *Come Hither*; we would add, to *The Winged Horse* or Palgrave. In ranging from Robert Herrick through Pound and Roethke to Walt Kelly ("Boston Charlie"), the editors have done an outstanding job: there's not a drop of treacle, not an ounce of trash in the whole collection. "Children's" poetry takes second place with a few snatches of Milne and Lear; "childish" stuff is refreshingly absent; the book is an inspired selection of *good* poetry chosen by two poets who aim at youngsters without lowering their sights a bit. Illustration is confined to delicious woodcuts by Fritz Kredel.

The Golden Journey may signal a renaissance at the once-imposing, lately languishing house of Reilly & Lee. Simultaneous with publication of this outstanding new anthology is a program of reissuing L. Frank Baum's Oz books with the old, Rackham-grotesque pictures of Denslow and Neil. Let it also be noted that they continue to keep in print Frances Boyd Calhoun's *Miss Minerva and William Green Hill*, a nearly forgotten delight which out-Penrods Penrod and out-Sawyers Tom.

Several other new books will help the space-age child to come to terms with poetry. *Hand in Hand We'll Go* (Crowell, $3.75) presents the scrubbedly-clean side of Bobby Burns in an ample selection of songs and poems. Conrad Aiken writes sixteen diverting animal poems in *Cats and Bats and Things with Wings* (Atheneum, $4.50), well illustrated by Milton Glaser. Quite as fine as last year's *You Know Who* is John Ciardi's new poem, *The King Who Saved Himself from Being Saved* (Lippincott, $2.95). Edward Gorey is again the illustrator; they are well matched.

In a Spring Garden (Dial, $3.95) opens the world of Haiku to the young, in a selection by Richard Lewis with drawings by Ezra Jack Keats. Ogden Nash's *The Animal Garden* (M. Evans, $3.95) is, of course, superb; Hilary Knight is the ideal illustrator for Nash. Note, too, John Updike's *A Child's Calendar* (Knopf, $3.25).

The bedtime story may never be the same, after E. E. Cummings' (yes, capitalized at last) *Fairy Tales* (Harcourt, $4.50). The book has four magnificently mad tales written by the poet for his little daughter, now illustrated (a bit gauzily) by John Eaton. Adjectives fail.

TURNING to old favorites, we note the appearance of two new Babar books: *Babar Comes to America* and *Babar's Spanish Lessons* (Random House, $3.95 each), also a new Dr. Seuss: *I Had Trouble in Getting to Solla Sollew* (Random House, $3.95).

Very old favorites are to be found in Gillian Avery's *In the Window Seat* (Van Nostrand, $3.95), a collection of nine very Victorian stories for young people, and in Leonard de Vries' selection from the Osborne collection of early children's books, *Flowers of Delight* (Pantheon, $8.95). The latter, subtitled "An Agreeable Garland of Prose and Poetry, 1765-1830," is lavishly, colorfully illustrated; both are of more than historical interest.

Despite the promise of delicate nausea in its title, *Miss Betty of Bonnet Rock School* (Hastings House, $3.25) is an unusual historical item: the diary of a teen-aged schoolteacher (Southern) during the Civil War. Ideal for young navy bugs is *The Battle of the Spanish Armada* (World, $3.95), well told by Robert Marx; well illustrated with old maps and documents. An ace storyteller, M. A. Jagendorf, offers folk legends of old New York in *The Ghost of Pegleg Peter* (Vanguard, $3.50); Lino Lipinsky's art is excellent.

The above three examples notwithstanding, publishers still cling to the belief that the past can be made palatable only when seen through the eyes of adolescent orphan boys. A fine spoof of such hack-work is Frank Jacobs' *Alvin Steadfast on Vernacular Island* (Dial, $3.50). Alvin is indeed steadfast; his foe, The Doubt, is downright icky, and the island is peopled by The Running Commentary, The Glowing Report, The Ugly Rumor, The Bitter Grudge and other such folk—all brought to neo-Victorian life in Edward Gorey's pictures.

In a niche of its very own is *Lullabies and Night Songs* (Harper, $6.95), in which Alec Wilder sets to music folk poems, nursery rhymes,

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and verse by Thurber, Kipling, de la Mare and others. Each of the 48 songs is surrounded by a full-color Maurice Sendak illustration.

Brian Wildsmith has two for the very small: *Brian Wildsmith's 1, 2, 3s* (Watts, $4.95), and his words-and-pictures retelling of LaFontaine's *The Rich Man and the Shoemaker* (Watts, $3.95). Michael ("At the Drop of a Hat") Flanders offers verses about some remarkable beasts in *Creatures Great and Small* (Holt, $3.50). Marcello Minale adds purely fantastic six-color illustrations.

Don't forget stocking-stuffers: on the paperback stands now are several of Forester's *Hornblower* tales, a new Ripley *Believe It Or Not,* and all of Tolkien—*The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* (three volumes; not for short attention-spans). Parents caught buying the unauthorized Ace Books edition instead of the Ballantine set will find coal in their stockings come December 25.

Men and Manners

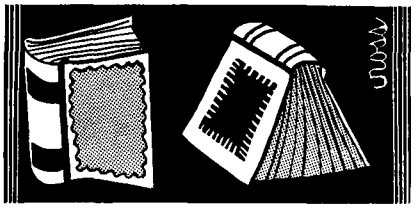
Dropouts and Kickouts

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I HAVE COME to think that the only thing I really got out of Harvard as an undergraduate was myself. Harvard for me was merely a prolongation of the Roxbury Latin School of which I had been one of the less enthusiastic students. At Roxbury Joe Sasserno prodded our stumbling feet through *L'Avare*. At Harvard I had to stumble through *Le Misanthrope* with a similar lack of interest. Three mornings a week I spent watching Frisky Merriman cavort about the platform of the New Lecture Hall, tangling himself up with an eight-foot blackboard pointer while he talked about the Defenestration of Prague. Daily I attended a course in corrective English (for those of us who scored low in the College Entrance Boards), read a piece about "The Daily Theme Eye" in *Freshman Readings* and handed in daily themes on such subjects as "My First Impression of Harvard." Whatever we did, an avuncular eye was always on us. We had weekly quizzes, November Hours, Mid-years, etc. Any absence was duly noted.

Some time in my sophomore year a junior dean (I have forgotten his name) summoned me to University Hall. He informed me that in the light of my grades and attitudes my connection with Harvard was from that day severed. Since I was obviously not the academic type, he suggested that I might try retail selling, some place like Sears Roebuck, if I could persuade them to take me.

Today no doubt I should have been sent to Harvard's vast new Health Center, for psychiatric consultation. There they might have pried out of me that the reason I had gone to Harvard was that my father had wanted me to—plus inertia. The Health Center might have even



patched me up to get an eventual degree. But it would have done me a disservice. That dean, relegating me to the haberdashery counter, did the greatest favor he could have done me. Although I was unhappy and dissatisfied at Harvard, I did not have the moral courage to drop out on my own. The dean made the decision for me. But my point is that often dropping out—or in my case the extremer form of being kicked out—is not only a sign that one is unadapted to one's environment, but is often the most valuable experience that a young person can have. It forces him to a re-evaluation of his own life.

In my case I found myself blacklisted. Through some agreement of the American Association of Colleges, no other college in the land would take me in. It was really because I had Harvard's mark of Cain on me that I went to Germany. Of course I was lucky in those depression days that my father, earning a modest living as an independent lawyer, was able (and, what is more, willing) to send me abroad, even though the cost of a German university, including the passage over, was less than Harvard's.

I SPENT two undergraduate years in Germany from 1931 through 1932, the grim years of unemployment and demonstrations and the fighting for the streets between the Red Front and the Brown Front before Hitler came to power. Unlike American students of a generation later, who arrive for a carefully proctored year abroad, I found myself on my own. It was dismaying enough at first for anyone accustomed to having everything provided, from dormitories with heat and plumbing, to dining halls and freshman smokers. In Germany there were no such things. At the university information center I was given a catalogue of lectures and a mimeographed address list of private families renting rooms to students. One had to find one's own room, pick one's own courses, make one's arrangements about eating — although there was a small student *mensa* where one could get rather scant pick-up meals.

At first, being alone in a country for whose language Harvard's German A had *not* prepared me was a desolately lonely experience. I first rented a room from a grubby, grasping family in the Bismarckstrasse. When after a month I gave notice, the fat landlady—who looked like one of *Punch*'s anti-German caricatures —expressed great indignation that a foreigner would give notice when one of her remaining roomers was "noble." I finally found a small room with a pleasant family the other side of the university. What made me take it, in spite of its smallness, was that it had two English sporting prints on the wall. Those people remained my friends through the years of war and disaster. In fact I had a letter from the daughter of the family only last month. Since at first I could not even talk to anyone, I studied German, working at it harder than I had worked at anything before in my life. Within three months I could take part in ordinary social conversation. By the time I left Germany I was bilingual—though of course with a foreign accent.

I lived through the dying days of the Weimar Republic. I saw the Republic fall, sly von Papen and then von Schleicher take over as liquidators, but I left before Hitler took over as chancellor. In those convul-

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sive years, what I became aware of for the first time was the insecurity of life. The brick coagulation that was Harvard had seemed so solid, Roxbury Latin (founded in 1645) so permanent, my suburban home so secure. But as I saw the disintegration of Germany and the emergence of the gutter-man of destiny, I realized that what had seemed so permanent and secure was only apparently so. Life itself was insecure. One could not take it for granted, neither in one's environment nor one's home nor one's self. Tomorrow they might not be there.

In those German undergraduate years I managed to grow up. That is why I am grateful still to that Harvard dean who kicked me out so long ago. For with his impelling boot that carried me so far from the Harvard Yard, my adult life began. And after I had seen in Germany the whole fabric of a society crack and crumble before my eyes, I could not go back to taking such things as November Hours, Yale games, the Harvard club system and the relative dining merits of the new neo-Georgian houses seriously.

I do not mean to belittle Harvard. Later as a graduate student I was able to realize its greatness as a university. That, to my mind, consisted in one thing. To its center it was able to draw great men. One of the academic experiences of my life was to be able to sit in on some of Whitehead's lectures, to hear Gilson and Eliot and such men as that austere last chancellor of the Weimar Republic, Heinrich Brüning. And I found a scholar's fellowship—far removed from the cavortings of Frisky Merriman—in the graduate courses of the somewhat stilted and I suppose minor, but still genuine, poet, Robert Hillyer. Eventually, walking across the Harvard Yard in its interlacing frame of elms on an autumn evening, I came to have something of the affection for the place that my father had from his more gregarious undergraduate years. But I had to be kicked out first.

I remember well that morning as I faced down the dean at University Hall. The day before I had been calling on my Smith friend, Lil, in West Roxbury. There ahead of me was my former Roxbury Latin classmate, Peter Knight, down from Hanover with tall tales of fraternity life at Dartmouth. One of his fraternity brothers, he said, had had all his hair shaved off for ten dollars. "Pooh," said I. "I'd do it for five!" The rival Pete pulled out his wallet and produced the five. With Lil there I couldn't very well back out. Down to the Center Street Barbershop we went. Lil held my hand while the barber clipped.

When I walked into the dean's office I was completely bald. After informing me that my connection with Harvard was "severed" he made his haberdashery suggestion. He didn't say a word about my head. Neither did I. Since he was kicking me out, I didn't think I owed him any explanation.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DR. JOHNSON, HIS LIFE IN LETTERS, selected and edited by David Littlejohn (Prentice-Hall, $5.95). Littlejohn, like everyone else it seems, is writing a book on Johnson; and he apparently found it easy to mark favorites while studying the letters—thus, on the way to one book, producing another. It is a volume far easier to assemble than justify. Johnson addicts will want to ramble in the whole collection; others will find the key paragraphs of the correspondence cited in standard introductions to Johnson, the books by Joseph Wood Krutch and Walter Jackson Bate. Except for the rare letter that gives away the mystery of his self-imprisonment while awaiting the onset of madness, Johnson's letters are the least revealing part of his literary output. He was lazy, busy, a great talker, one who wrote for pay. These factors conspire to give us very little of his life in his letters.

G. WILLS

THE FLIGHT FROM WOMAN, by Karl Stern (Farrar, $4.95). To be a Christian in our time, Unamuno showed us, is to be quixotic, for in a world governed by technology and the scientific view, where freedom is taken to mean action, there is hardly any place for the man who quietly nods his assent. In this admirable study of sexual polarity, Dr. Stern confronts the Christian's utterly submissive Yes ("Thy Will be done") with psychoanalysis and phenomenology; Christianity is enriched in the confrontation. If this Yes of complete assent is, for most, becoming more difficult, it is because we are fleeing from woman, from the charisma of womanhood at Mariology's roots, and from that intuitive or poetic wisdom called *sophia*. Our highest allegiance today is bestowed on the restless male spirit of penetration and analysis that epitomizes, not so much reason as rationality. Equate knowledge solely with the masculine and you'll end by objectifying humanity; objects—need one point out?—can be manipulated. Dr. Stern makes his case with a close examination of the lives and careers of Descartes, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, and Sartre. Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, as phallic woman, is also considered. The result is a compact volume, highly readable and absorbing, that deserves wider circulation than it will probably have.

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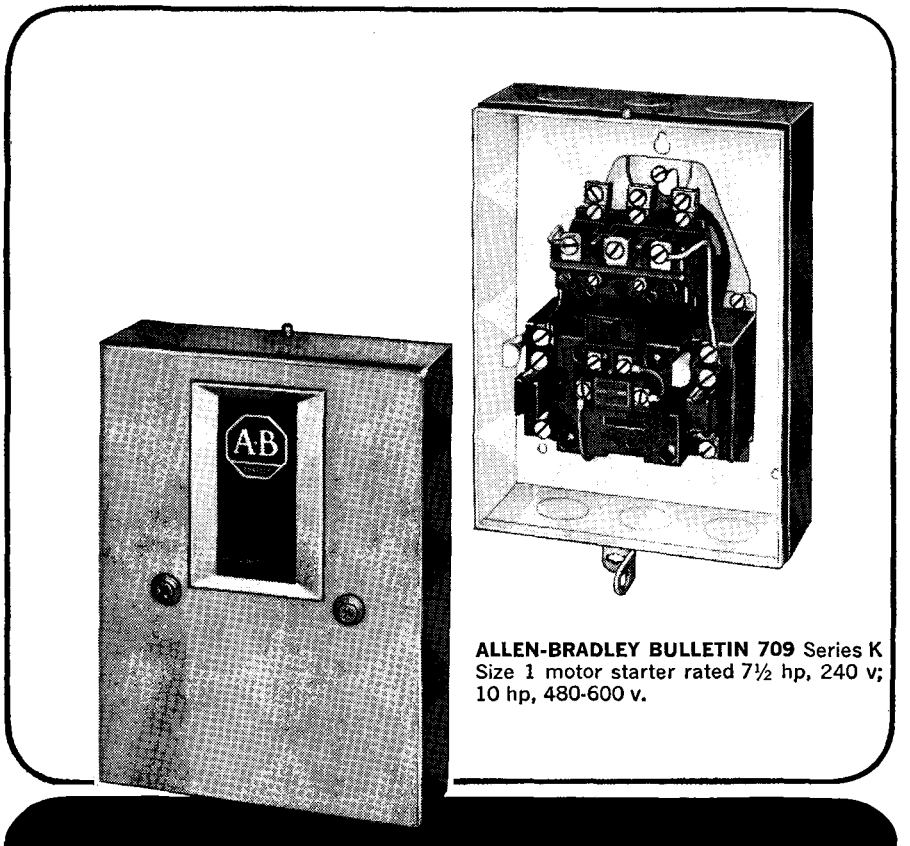

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To The Editor

(Continued from p. 1141)

volved, as perhaps we should, Mr. Dumont's showing is even worse. He spoke loud and long of the dangers implicit in Hughes' mismanagement of the affair, Had he invested as much effort on the State Senate floor in the form of a bill or resolution to oust Genovese, all his speeches might have been considered something other than just talk. . . .

For these reasons I doubt that "the election of Dumont [was] in itself desirable for conservatives."

Irvington, N. J. EDWARD KOLAKOWSKI

A Reply

That Senator Dumont was right about the Genovese issue takes second place, in Mr. Kolakowski's little Third Party world, to the fact that he was not right about it soon enough to introduce a bill before the legislature adjourned. I am struck, also, by the utterly false remark that "stripped of Genovese" the two candidates were as peas in a pod. In fact, on two important issues that come immediately to mind—Governor Hughes' gun control bill and Senator Dumont's endorsement of a one-year residency requirement for relief—the two candidates vehemently disagreed, with Dumont winding up on what is generally considered the conservative side of each issue.

New York, N.Y. EDWARD J. BELL

Clang!

Are you trying to tell us that Mr. Vonnegut's November 16 story is analogous to the passing of the Voting Rights Bill that allows illiterates to vote, that our government would dare abet our enemies by selling them wheat and computers, that patriots have actually been muzzled in our State Department? Oh, come on, you guys, to criticize the nation of Johnsonia is an extremist trick, or is it? *Clang!* Boy, that was a doozy! Er . . . . what was I saying?

Long Beach, Cal. KENNETH GLENN KOONS

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (November 30)

M. B. Jackson

The Second Civil War

Journalists, writers, political leaders, etc., seem to have a preoccupation with sickness, social and physical. We see little else on television and the screen; we read of hardly anything else in books, magazines, and all the other media. It is hardly fashionable any more to be healthy or normal.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the Solomon islands.	41 12 74 129 81 23 186 94 52 134 179
B. 4:00, 8:00, and 12:00, a.m. or p.m.; (2 wds.).	57 1 82 113 157 75 24 37 95 53
C. Where St. Louis Cathedral is located; (2 wds.).	85 91 45 155 64 38 160 76 2 115
D. A signer of the U. S. Constitution.	89 149 156 178 65 164 13
E. Another name for Battle of Sharpsburg.	131 151 54 14 39 77 46 103
F. One of the United States of Mexico; also its capital.	175 130 96 144 105 83 123 135 190
G. Scene of fighting, W.W. I; (2 wds.).	183 92 191 4 40 106 147 194 176 118 172 15 55
H. What one likes to be at Christmas.	189 42 16 200 104 146 196 5 124 25
I. Induced.	195 6 109 90 43 192 66
J. Town in New Jersey.	17 26 136 56 67 97 78 44 62 184
K. Type of infielder.	21 27 84 79 93 122 119
L. One who propels with oars.	31 120 71 145 127

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Form of pocket billiards (15-balls).	47 187 98 7 116 107 193 177
N. Men who write leaders.	60 165 99 138 9 140 86
O. Embalmed and dried.	163 188 10 159 152 29 180 202 173
P. Penetrating, trenchant, biting.	114 153 100 30 108 166 201 171
Q. These are longer during winter.	150 206 49 68 87 32
R. Capital of East Suffolk in England.	158 198 132 125 69 181 137
S. Home of Anne Hathaway.	174 33 199 18 161 58 102 22 185
T. A large English variety of apple.	8 117 205 133 48 59 19
U. Number of days required for fictional circumnavigation.	80 88 154 20 110 168
V. City and county borough in England.	203 141 182 207 162 197 148 35 50 11
W. Gathering at which certain mollusks are cooked; used to describe other meetings.	101 128 36 142 169 72 3 61
X. Products of exertion.	112 121 139 63 170 143 73
Y. A type of terrier.	28 34 126 167 204 51 70 111

See page 1168 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 B	2 C		3 W	4 G	5 H	6 I	7 M		8 T	9 N	10 O	11 V		
12 A	13 D	14 E	15 G	16 H		17 J	18 S	19 T		20 U	21 K	22 S	23 A	24 B	25 H			
26 J	27 K	28 Y		29 O	30 P	31 L	32 Q	33 S		34 Y	35 V	36 W	37 B	38 C	39 E	40 G		
41 A	42 H		43 I	44 J		45 C	46 E	47 M		48 T	49 Q	50 V	51 Y	52 A	53 B	54 E		
	55 G	56 J	57 B		58 S	59 T	60 N	61 W		62 J	63 X	64 C	65 D	66 I		67 J		
68 Q	69 R	70 Y		71 L	72 W	73 X		74 A		75 B	76 C	77 E	78 J	79 K	80 U			
81 A	82 B	83 F	84 K	85 C	86 N	87 Q		88 U	89 D	90 I	91 C	92 G	93 K	94 A	95 B	96 F		
97 J	98 M	99 N	100P		101W	102S	103E	104H	105F	106G	107M	108P	109I		110U	111Y		
112X		113B	114P	115C	116M	117T	118G	119K		120L	121X		122K	123F	124H			
125R	126Y	127L	128W	129A		130F	131E	132R		133T	134A	135P	136J	137R	138N			
139X	140N	141V	142W		143X	144F	145L		146H	147G	148V	149D	150Q	151E	152O	153P		
154U		155C	156D		157B	158R	159O	160C		161S	162V	163O	164D	165N	166P	167Y		
168U		169W	170X	171P	172G	173O	174S		175F	176G	177M	178D	179A	180O	181R	182V		
	183G	184J	185S		186A	187M	188O	189H	190F	191G	192I		193M	194G	195I	196H		
197V		198R	199S	200H	201P	202O	203V	204Y	205T		206Q	207V						

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For The Record

Most expected, but some surprises in ADA rating of senators for first session 89th Congress. Rating 100 per cent: Democrats Douglas of Illinois, Hart of Michigan, Clark of Pennsylvania; three states, both of whose senators get ADA zero: Mississippi (Eastland and Stennis), South Carolina (Thurmond and Russell), Virginia (Byrd and Robertson). Highest score for a Republican went to New Jersey's Clifford Case (94). One unexpected angle: California's "Liberal" Republican senator Thomas Kuchel, a bugaboo to most conservatives, racked up only 41 per cent on ADA tally while anti-Communist Sen. Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) scored lofty 94 per cent (like the Kennedy Bros.) on seventeen key votes, only one of which, however, had to do with foreign policy. Democratic Senate leader Mike Mansfield (Mont.) racked up 76 per cent to Minority leader Everett Dirksen's 6 per cent. . . . Late Nov. special election in Vermont (due to court-ordered reapportionment) swept Republicans back into power: they gained 115 of 150 House seats, 24 of 30 Senate seats. The results, commented Democratic Gov. Philip Hoff, were "horrendous.". . . Final official accounting in NYC mayoral race indicates that John Lindsay spent $2.6 million, Abraham Beame $2.2 million, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., $245,000.

You reads your papers and you takes your choice: Tokyo's Asahi reports Indonesian Communist leader D. N. Aidit was shot and killed while escaping from a prison in Surakarta; Karya Bhakti, a Jakarta daily, says he fell in a skirmish with government forces near Mt. Merapi in central Java. . . . Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio, regarded as Communist-leaning in recent months, last week denounced the Indonesian CP for the attempted Oct. 1 coup. . . . Missing on the Indonesian scene since that time: all that Crush Malaysia talk. . . . Philippine President-elect Marcos says his country will send 2,000 fighting men to Vietnam shortly after he assumes office.

Big deals: Albania's UN delegation last week unexpectedly circulated petition opposing any UN forces to put down the Rhodesia rebellion on the grounds that such forces would become "tools of the imperialists and colonialists." . . . Egypt announced it was banning Suez Canal passage to Rhodesian shipping (Rhodesia is a landlocked state). . . . Getting into the act: France's satirical Le Canard Enchainé came out

"Not another seven years . . . . !"

a week ago with its literary prize of the year. For the best work of the year on General de Gaulle it awarded the prize, one can of duck paté, to: General de Gaulle (who was, reportedly, not amused).

Going the rounds of Catholic conservative circles: Pius, sí, John, no.

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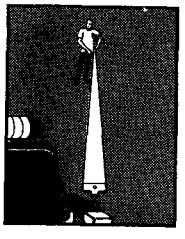

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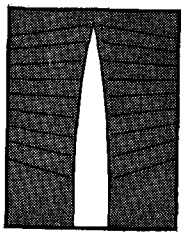

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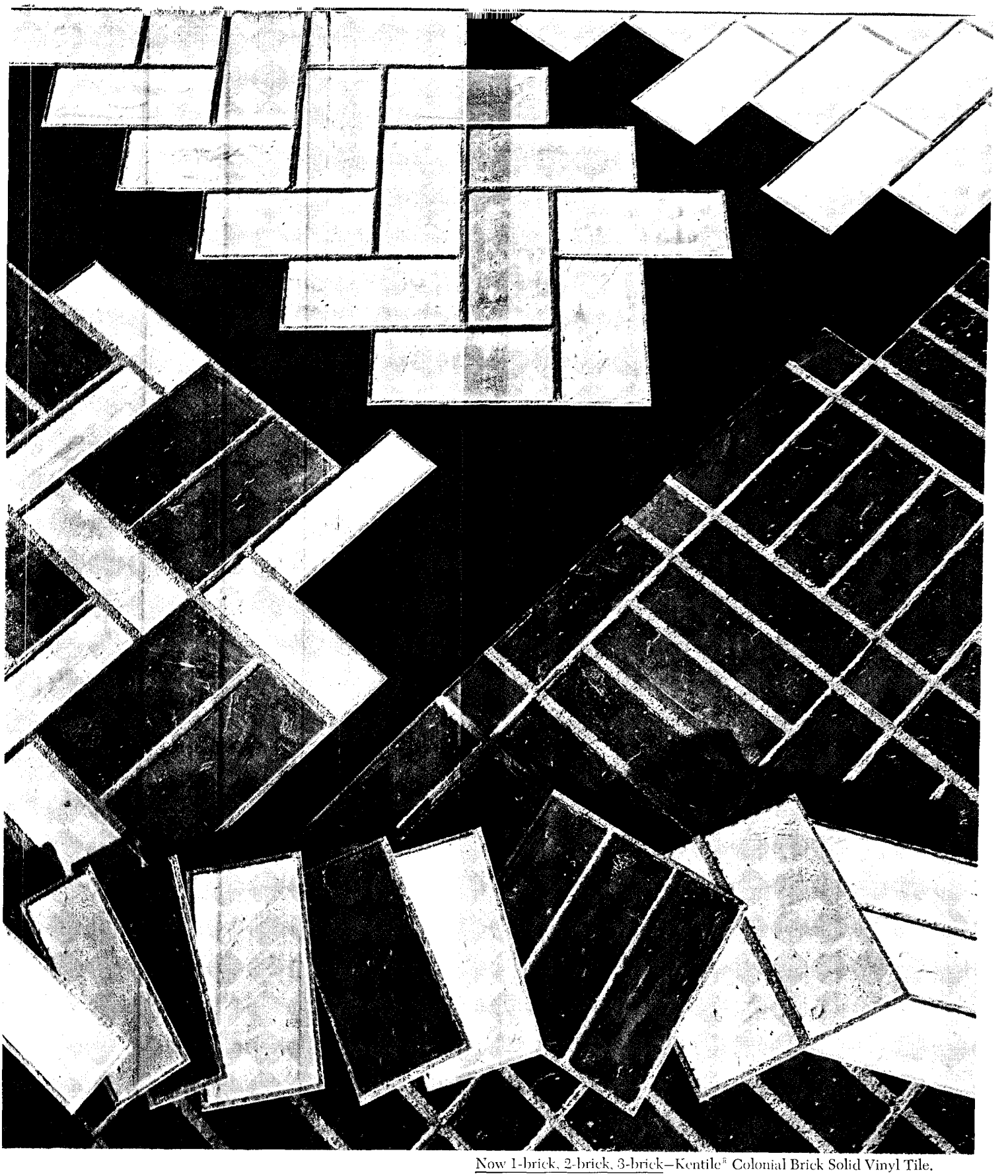

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